THE LIVING AGE

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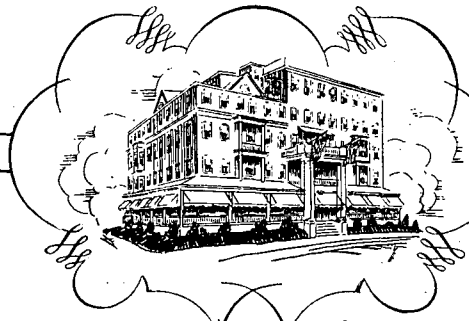

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THE GUIDE POST

LONDON CALLING THE British Empire,' said Mr. Snowden and then launched into the radio address on the Hague Conference which we present as our leading article. The speech not only gives a lively picture of what happened behind the scenes but also contains one of the clearest expositions of the whole reparations question that has yet been written.

Not long after he wrote his report of what he saw in Palestine, Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl was stabbed at the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem and seriously injured. He is no stranger to the East or the Near East, having traveled out to Singapore a year ago, stopping on the way and reporting on conditions in India and on the coast of Arabia. It is well to bear in mind that the *Vossische Zeitung*, for which he writes, is owned by a Jewish family and that the Doctor's aspersions against the English represent the first sudden reaction of the Jews to the massacres and brutalities to which they have been subjected. Another version of the affair appears in the course of *The World Over*.

Señor J. J. de Soiza Reilly wrote up Clemenceau in our September 1st issue and now describes Maeterlinck in the intimacy of his home on the *Côte d'Azur*. Perhaps this enterprising Argentinian has a way with him when it comes to bearding the great in their dens.

Henry Ford's investigation of European labor costs has aroused the widest interest in the foreign Press. Already the work has begun and Europe is debating whether she is on the way to enjoying the same kind of prosperity that has come to the United States or whether the whole affair is a sinister American conspiracy. Lucien Laurat, like most Frenchmen, is of the latter persuasion and suggests that it is all a plot to raise European production costs to the American level.

Emil Ludwig's *July 1914* has enjoyed a phenomenal sale in Europe and his accusations of Count Berchtold, the Austrian foreign minister in 1914, make that gentleman appear to be more responsible for the War than any other individual. As in his biography of the

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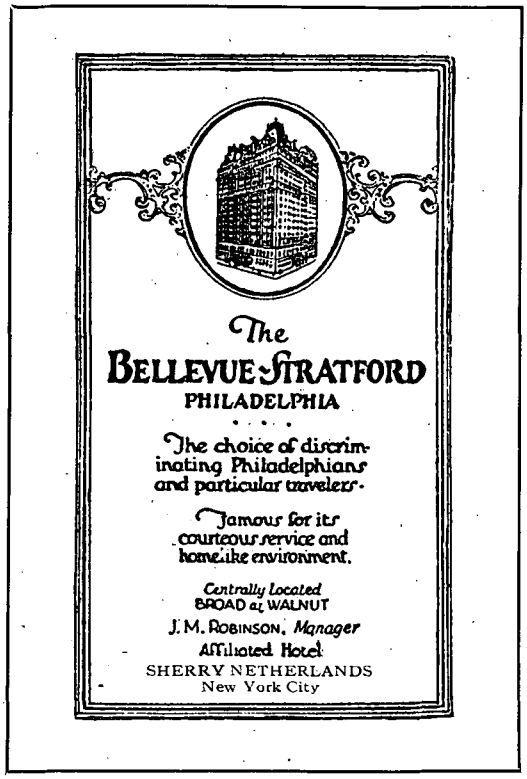

The Frontispiece

In this issue we reproduce a wood cut by Allan McNab, one of the brilliant school of British wood-cutters which includes Clare Leighton, Leon Underwood, and a host of lesser lights. Ever since the time of Bewick, England has led the world in the wood-cutting art, and to-day she again sets the fashion by returning in large part to the characteristic technique of the great wood-cutters of the German Renaissance. To this has been added much of the modern spirit, and the result is typical and happy. The little landscape we reproduce as a frontispiece is a particularly good example of Mr. McNab's work.

Ex-Kaiser, Ludwig again does not hesitate to lay a large part of the responsibility for the War on the shoulders of the Central Powers, and the roar of approval that greeted this attack has finally compelled Count Berchtold to reply to the gravest charge that could be made against any living man. We also print a review of *July 1914* in our book review section.

GREECE has always held a peculiar fascination for the German temperament and Franz Spunda's description of Ithaca ought to warm the heart of anyone who contemplates a visit to the lovely Dalmation coast.

Edmond Jaloux, who contributes a weekly column of book reviews to the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, finds that the modern woman in Europe has become a supernumerary man, in contrast to America, where man is likely to turn into a supernumerary woman.

Georg Popoff has traveled to many distant parts of the earth and now serves as the London correspondent of *Pester Lloyd*.

G. W. Russell—otherwise known as Æ—edits the *Irish Statesman* and also keeps his hand in at poetry and criticism. His old friend, William Butler Yeats, has just written a new book called *A Packet for Ezra Pound*, which, if we understand what Mr. Russell is driving at, seems to be worth reading.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

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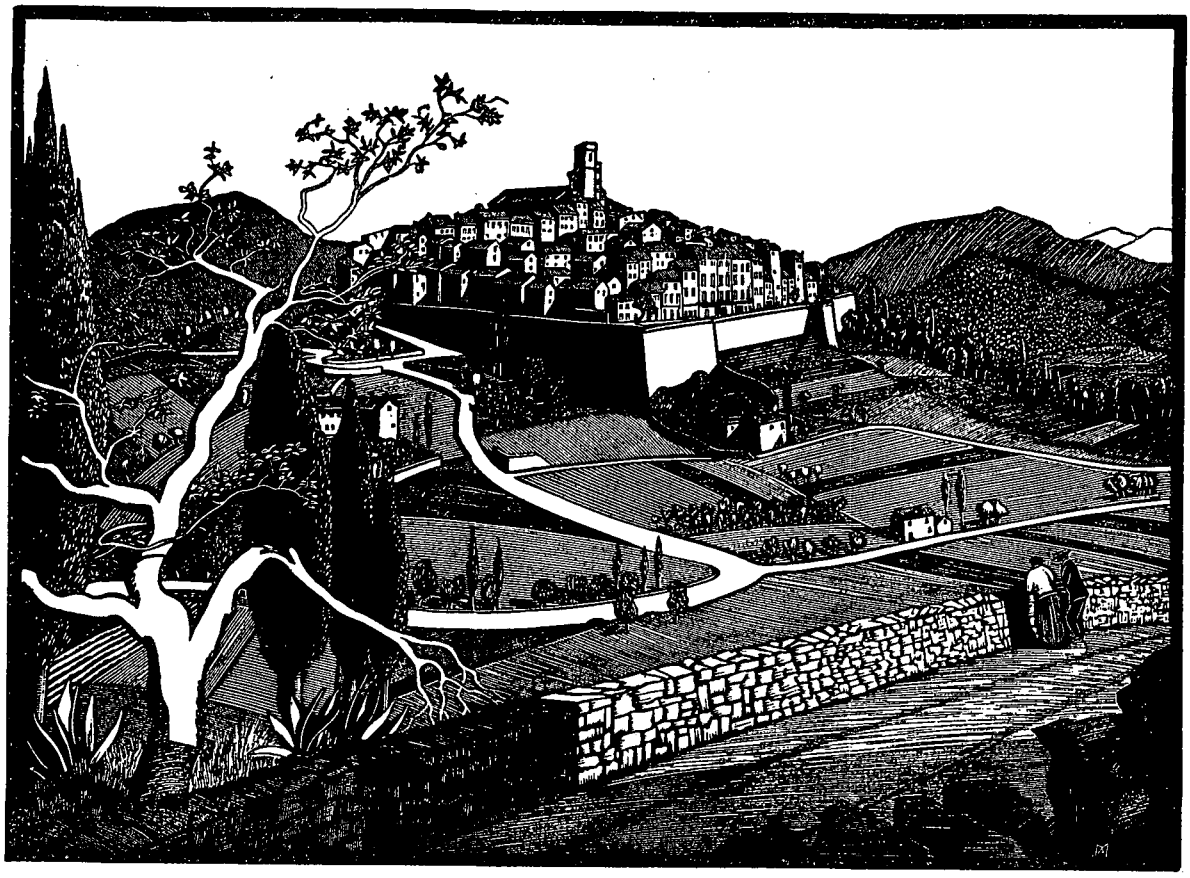

SAINT PAUL DU VAL

FROM WOOD CUT BY ALLAN MCNAB

(Courtesy of Kennedy & Company)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

OCTOBER 1, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4347

THE WORLD OVER

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S ATTEMPT to effect a merger between the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact proved to be the outstanding occurrence at the last League session. When the British Premier made his Geneva début in 1924 he embarked on a similar effort to ensure world peace in the form of the Geneva Protocol, which the Tories refused to ratify. It is not surprising, therefore, that his latest and far more ambitious effort should have met with some domestic criticism, although this time he appears to have prepared his ground more thoroughly.

Both the Geneva Protocol and the Kellogg Pact represent an endeavor to fill the so-called 'gap' in the League Covenant which allows any League member to enter any war between two other members after an interval of three months. The Geneva Protocol tried to stop this gap by applying 'sanctions'—a polite word for armed force—against the aggressor in any controversy. But the British opposed the Protocol because these sanctions could not possibly be made effective without the aid of the British Navy. For, at best, the Protocol would have involved England in considerable expense and trouble enforcing any possible sanctions and, at worst, it might have led to open conflict

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

BRIAND at GENEVA announces that FRANCE will join BRITAIN in signing the optional clause for compulsory arbitration by the WORLD COURT.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

FOREIGN MINISTER HENDERSON asks the ASSEMBLY of the LEAGUE OF NATIONS to consider bringing the LEAGUE COVENANT in line with the obligations of the KELLOGG PEACE PACT.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

FLYING OFFICER HENRY C. D. WAGHORN wins the SCHNEIDER TROPHY for ENGLAND, traveling 31 miles at a record speed of 328.64 miles per hour in a supermarine seaplane with a ROLLS ROYCE engine.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

POGRANICHNAYA, eastern terminus of the CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY, bombed from the air and raided by RUSSIAN infantry.

MEXICO'S BUDGET COMMISSION estimates that the nation can count on an income of $143,000,000 in 1930.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

More attacks on the MANCHURIAN frontier indicate that SOVIET RUSSIA is making war on CHINA without formal declaration.

'And so between a pear and some cheese we laid the corner stone of a European federation,' says Aristide Briand after entertaining the heads of twenty-seven European delegations at Geneva.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

UNITED STATES NAVIGATION COMPANY files suit under the SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW against thirteen BRITISH steamship lines for alleged conspiracy to restrain the foreign trade and commerce of the UNITED STATES.

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between the British and American fleets if the United States had not cared to coöperate with the League. It is by no means impossible, therefore, that Mr. MacDonald's recent conversations with Ambassador Dawes brought home to the British Premier the American resentment against the Geneva Protocol and convinced him that some other instrument for world peace must be found.

Such, in any case, is the view expounded by the Liberal *Nation and Athenæum*, which also suggests that Mr. MacDonald may be striving to bring the United States into the League. Here is the line of reasoning taken in a leading editorial that may not have been written by Mr. J. M. Keynes but that certainly expresses his views:—

> We place the following interpretation on Mr. MacDonald's speech. Influenced by his conversations with General Dawes, he has turned against the whole idea of providing security by agreements to employ 'sanctions' against a disturber of the peace. He has turned against this idea so decidedly that instead of seeking to tighten up the sanctions obligations of the Covenant, he would like now to water them down or to get rid of them altogether, believing that in this way, and in this way alone, it will be possible to get the United States to coöperate more closely with the League, and eventually, perhaps—why not?—to join it.

It is unlikely, however, that Mr. MacDonald will be successful in his scheme to have the Kellogg Pact fulfill the function that the Geneva Protocol could not perform and the *Nation and Athenæum* does not hesitate to say so:—

> The logic of all this is, of course, extremely weak. For all the signatures to the Kellogg Pact, the nations of the world, we fear it must be said, trust one another little more to-day than they did in 1924; and the case for sanctions is just as strong, or just as weak, as ever it was. But, when we remember that Mr. MacDonald's chief preoccupation since he resumed office has been the Anglo-American discussions, it is easy to guess the explanation of his change of attitude. His talks with General Dawes have ranged over a wide field, and are certain to have impressed upon his mind the fact that America dislikes sanctions. He will have learned, if he did not know before, that to stiffen up sanctions commitments would be to stiffen up America against the League. Has he perhaps been given cause to hope that the converse might prove true, and that the elimination of the sanctions obligations in the Covenant might remove the chief obstacle to America's joining the League?

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the French point of view is a good deal less friendly. *Le Temps*, the semi-official organ of the Quai d'Orsay, says: 'If there is no desire to go back to the Geneva Protocol of 1924, effective guarantees can only be found in the policy of regional defensive alliances that France has unceasingly urged. We believe there would be real danger in wanting to sacrifice the elementary principle of security for the principle of disarmament at any price.' In other words, France favors her own system of alliances which she has built up ostensibly to preserve peace but actually to guarantee the status quo,

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Squadron Leader August H. Orlebar flies a supermarine Rolls Royce seaplane for three kilometres (1.863 miles) at a world record speed of 355.8 miles per hour.

Sixty Chinese reported killed as Russian attacks continue. Nanking officials remain silent.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Chinese authorities admit initial defeats and announce that the town of Pogranichnaya is reduced to ashes.

United States Shipping Board announces that United States Navigation Company, that is suing thirteen British lines, actually operates no American ships at all.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

It is officially announced that Ramsay MacDonald will sail for the United States on *September* 28th on the *Berengaria.*

Figures made public by Department of Commerce show that since the Dawes Plan went into effect in 1924 Germany has borrowed $1,179,000,000 in the United States and paid $1,990,000,000 in reparations.

Mussolini resigns seven of the Cabinet posts he held and appoints nine new ministers.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

The United States and Great Britain agree to call a naval conference with France, Italy, Japan.

Nanking Government rejects amendments proposed by Soviet Government for the operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

The League Assembly unanimously accepts the protocol containing the Root formula to permit American adherence to the World Court.

British evacuation of the Rhineland begins.

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while MacDonald has dropped the principle of sanctions and taken up instead the improvement and enlargement of the Kellogg Pact.

This attitude of his comes in for even more violent criticism in the *Journal des Débats*, which describes the British Premier in these terms: 'Mr. MacDonald pretends to be an idealist, but his idealism consists in deforming reality as his fancies or his interests dictate. Does not this intellectual trait of his explain, at least in part, the difficulty one has in coming to any agreement with him, or at least does it not explain why, after one has reached an agreement with him, one often discovers that he has put an interpretation of his own upon the words and has caused a disagreement?' And the same paper cannot resist the opportunity to get in a dig at MacDonald's attitude during the War: 'He does not want to recognize that countries are capable of harboring evil intentions. His attitude in 1914 and in the years immediately following indicates clearly what he would do in the event of a new act of aggression, for he opposed English intervention even after the violation of Belgian neutrality and in the future would undoubtedly act in the same way.'

As for the attitude of the Tory Press, it is best summed up in these few sentences from the *Morning Post:* 'An English king declined to kiss the toe of the Emperor; an English church refused to accept its orders from the Pope. England has fought not one, but several wars, rather than submit to any Continental domination. And if at so great cost we freed ourselves from a foreign yoke, we should beware how we fall under the authority of Geneva.'

BRIAND'S PLEA FOR A United States of Europe brought forth the warmest comments in the liberal German newspapers. The *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin describes the French Premier's plea for peace with such fervor that one cannot but believe that Germany, at any rate, takes the speeches at Geneva seriously: 'The words that were uttered in this hall in Geneva resounded throughout all nations. The bells that are ringing in this small, stuffy, overheated room can be heard in every continent. May the women to whom Briand appeals in his attack on the perverters of youth, may these women heed his plea, for it is their duty to defend their domestic hearths against the poisonous propaganda of war. On the day when people teach their children to love peace and to respect other nations, on that day we shall have no more need of sanctions and paragraphs discussing Article 8 of the Covenant. Bells, ringing out over all nations—bells of peace!'

The explanation for this enthusiasm is not far to seek. The idea of a vast and peaceful European federation welded into an economic unit as powerful as the United States or the British Empire may serve as an effective scare-head in English and American newspapers, but such a conception hardly fits the facts. What Briand is after at the moment

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

In the biggest military parade in thirty years, twenty thousand MEXICAN troops celebrate the 119th anniversary of their country's independence.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

The FRENCH, ITALIAN, and JAPANESE ambassadors in LONDON are informed that their governments are being invited to a naval conference in LONDON during the third week in *January*.

Officers in the GERMAN ARMY who are members of the LEAGUE OF GERMAN NOBILITY are ordered to quit that body because of its anti-Republican activities.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

GREAT BRITAIN is to be the sole official sponsor of the five-power naval conference in *January*.

PRIME MINISTER RAMSAY MACDONALD and his daughter spend the night as guests of KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY in SANDRINGHAM.

AUSTRIAN HEIMWEHR issues a last warning to the present CABINET to resign.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

FRANCE, ITALY, and JAPAN oppose LORD CECIL'S proposal at GENEVA not to exclude trained reserves and war material from the disarmament convention now being drafted by the LEAGUE.

CANADIAN motor ship *Shawnee* arrives in HALIFAX bearing marks of shells alleged to have been fired by the UNITED STATES COAST GUARD BOAT 145.

BRITISH HOME OFFICE reports that figures for drunkenness in ENGLAND and WALES were lower in 1928 than in any year since the WAR.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT decides to recommend unconditional admittance of IRAQ into LEAGUE in 1932 and abandonment of present mandate.

FRANCE, GREAT BRITAIN, NEW ZEALAND, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, PERU, SOUTH AFRICA, and INDIA formally sign the optional clause accepting compulsory jurisdiction of the WORLD COURT.

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is Franco-German coöperation, for not until that is achieved can the corner stone of a Pan-European federation be laid. The *Vossische Zeitung*, for all its high-flown sentiments, understands this perfectly and remarks, 'This close coöperation between France and Germany is the first step in the great task of unifying Europe. People may talk of Europe, but no lasting alliance of European peoples can be secured without Franco-German coöperation.'

THE PROSPECTIVE NAVAL negotiations between Britain and the United States have alarmed the reactionary French Press quite as much as anything else the Labor Government has done. Here again the *Journal des Débats* leads the chorus of protests:—

> Not so long ago the Laborites were finding it scandalous that France and England had attempted to come to an understanding with a view to negotiating with the United States later; but now it seems that a similar arrangement with the United States is eminently praiseworthy. Perspectives change with circumstances. There is no use closing one's eyes to the fact that once America and England have agreed on a naval yardstick, they will try to impose their point of view on other nations. When that moment arrives, it will be the part of prudence and circumspection to examine more closely whatever propositions are made.

If, on the other hand, we are to believe the *New Statesman*, these alarms are quite unnecessary:

> No doubt all sorts of international agreements are useful, if only for their moral effects; but in all discussions of Anglo-American naval parity there is a certain element of absurdity. There are no presently conceivable circumstances in which we might think it necessary to fight and sink the American fleet. We do not care what they build and shall never build against them. A formal agreement might have some value as an international gesture pointing to a general reduction of armaments, but from a practical point of view it would mean almost nothing.

Diametrically opposed to the *New Statesman* on this, as on all other subjects, the conservative *Empire Review* feels that any surrender of British sea power would have an unfortunate effect upon British prestige all over the world. In a discussion of the outlook for British trade in South America, Mr. W. A. Hirst, who has spent a great part of his life lecturing and traveling in all parts of the world, has this to say about Anglo-American relations:—

> Intimately connected with trade are our other imperial interests. It is most necessary that we should show our flag as much as possible in South American waters, and, above all, that we should not allow ourself to take second rank as a naval power. In this matter, publicists are engaged upon an almost hopeless task. There is a strict censorship exercised over all newspapers published in London. Every reference to the United States that is not laudatory or conducive to its interests is ruthlessly struck out. But weakness as compared with that nation is quite as dangerous as weakness in relation to Germany. The nations of South America are friendly to us and hostile to the United States, or, at least, suspicious.

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> But they cannot afford to be friendly with a weak power, and, if we show or profess weakness, they will look to the United States as the paramount power in South America.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE, EDITOR OF *Le Matin*, devotes a caustic editorial to the part that Britain has been playing in Palestine. When the 'charming Lord Balfour, whose skepticism is not confined to metaphysical matters,' asked for a British mandate for Palestine he was attempting, according to M. Lauzanne, to win the support of 'one of the greatest international forces in the world—the Jews.' And he was successful for a while. Jewish people in all parts of the world, Zionists and non-Zionists, Americans and Europeans, all became ardent pro-Britishers because of what England was doing to make a national home for members of their race.

But Lord Balfour had reckoned without his Arabs. 'The Arab, too, is an international force. He has no great banks in New York or London. He does not dominate the money market, the copper market, or the tin market. But he has distant and powerful ramifications in Asia and Africa and all along that route to India which is England's vital artery.' The Arabs, feeling themselves menaced by the Jews, arose, therefore, and smote them, not only at the Wailing Wall but in other parts of Palestine, while the English, who had supposedly been trying to play the Jews and Arabs off against each other as they had played the Hindus and Moslems in India and the Protestants and Catholics in Ireland, entirely lost the support of the Arabs and may have lost the approval of the Jews as well.

Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl, whose first-hand observations on Palestine appear in this issue, would agree with M. Lauzanne in blaming the British for the massacres, but he seems to feel that the Palestine authorities have persistently favored the Arabs, whereas M. Lauzanne suggests that the British, in attempting to establish a home for the Jews in a preponderantly Arab country, showed a distinct bias against the Arabs in the first place. M. Lauzanne also points out with particular relish that under the rule of the abominated Turk no such outbursts occurred, adding that, since England holds the mandate under the supervision of the League, Mr. MacDonald cannot inform the delegates at Geneva that there is no racial conflict in Palestine without jeopardizing British prestige still further.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST to the alarmist reports that emanate periodically from Mukden and Moscow and that are promptly reëchoed in the European and American Press, the *Japan Advertiser* stubbornly maintains that all is quiet on the Manchurian front. 'The situation,' says one of its leading editorials, 'is not to be viewed through

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Occidental spectacles nor are its incidents to be weighed in Western scales.' If any European border became the constant scene of shootings and bombings, war would automatically result. Not so in the Far East, however. Russia broke off relations, hoping to intimidate China by boycotts and threats. But China can play a waiting game with endless patience and seems to recognize that Russia is loath to employ her one trump card—armed force.

Meanwhile Japan, understanding the mentalities of both parties, coolly looks on, for the Russians are just as apathetic at heart as the Chinese. 'The declamation of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*,' says the *Japan Advertiser*, 'is not the gesture of free editors responding to the excitement of free readers; it is Moscow thumping the table to scare Nanking, and Nanking knows it very well. Public opinion, in the ordinary democratic sense, does not exist in Russia or China, and all the manifestations we read of are of the customary sort manufactured to impress foreign opinion and stir up support for the government, not outbursts of spontaneous popular fury.'

Naturally enough, the tension in Manchuria has not helped the Nanking Government to persuade the foreign powers to relinquish their policy of extraterritoriality. Shortly after a newspaper published in China had revealed the polite American refusal to allow Chinese courts to have authority over American citizens, the British made public a similar note of their own which was warmly commended in the columns of the London *Times* as a pleasing contrast to the Labor Party's former objections to a strong Far Eastern policy.

THE 'RED ARCHIVES' of Moscow have recently revealed a document drawn up in June, 1914, outlining the constitution of a prospective Pan-Slav Empire that was to consist of Serbia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria. Because the scheme had been worked out by a prominent Czech Nationalist, Dr. Kramář, it has attracted some excited comment in the German and Austrian newspapers, which assert that it is another indication of Russia's war guilt. The constitution itself was modeled on the constitution of Imperial Germany and provided for a Slavic federation under the hegemony of the Tsar. Its author has also just explained that it was to serve as a model for the Slavic peoples of Europe 'in the event of a war in which Russia should be victorious.' What with the rampant nationalism that now prevails in all the countries for which the constitution was framed, its significance to-day becomes purely historical.

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BRITAIN AT THE HAGUE

An Address to the Nation

By the Right Honorable Philip Snowden

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

EVEN IN THE extended time for a wireless talk which has been kindly offered to me it will be impossible to do more than give a scanty outline of the momentous happenings which have taken place at the Hague Conference during the last four weeks. Perhaps I had better begin with a brief statement of the events which led to the calling of the Conference. Ever since the end of the War the questions of reparations and kindred debts have caused considerable trouble. A great many international conferences have been held on these matters, but hitherto no final conclusion has been reached. The Peace Conference met at Paris after the War in an atmosphere still charged with War passions. Fantastic ideas were then entertained as to the possibility of compelling the defeated nations to pay the whole cost of the War. These ideas were soon found to be impossible, and successive conferences made efforts to reduce reparations to the limit which might be found to be within Germany's capacity to pay. Each of the successive plans was soon found to be impracticable.

Three years after the end of the War some wiser heads began to realize that the whole idea of receiving reparations and discharging inter-Allied debts was financially and economically impossible without inflicting injury on debtor and creditor alike. The British Government

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made the proposal that there should be an all-round cancellation of debts, but this proposal did not meet with approval from the other powers concerned. Practical experience has proved the soundness of the belief that the receipt of reparations and the payment of debts have disastrous consequences on the financial and economic systems of debtors and creditors alike. Reparations were finally paid only in goods, and the payment of reparations to Britain by Germany immediately after the War in the form of ships inflicted a most serious injury on the British shipbuilding industry, from which it has not yet recovered. Payment by Germany of reparations in kind likewise did grave injury to the British home and export trades, particularly our coal exports.

Five years ago a strong effort was made to place the reparations question on a more satisfactory basis. A Committee of Experts was appointed to devise a scale of payments by Germany which might be found within her capacity, and which might be expected to inflict the minimum of disadvantages on the recipients of the reparations. The report of this Committee, which is known as the Dawes Committee, was considered at an international conference held in London when the Labor Government was previously in office. The plan was finally put into operation. It involved serious interference by the creditor powers with the economic and commercial affairs of Germany. And even those who fixed the scale of annuities to be paid had grave doubts whether it would be possible to transfer the payments to the creditors without seriously upsetting the international exchanges.

Five years of experience of the Dawes Scheme have shown the need for a drastic revision of its provisions. At the Assembly of the League of Nations last September the Germans raised the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland, and the French Government insisted that this matter could not be considered apart from the final settlement of the question of reparations. It was then decided that another expert committee should be set up charged with the duty of preparing a plan for the final settlement of German reparations and the liquidation of all financial matters left from the War. This Committee of Experts had been four months in Paris discussing this difficult matter and finally presented a report, which has become known as the Young Plan. The Hague Conference was called for the consideration of this report. It is important to bear in mind that, so far at least as the British Government was concerned, there was no obligation to accept the recommendations of this Committee, but the other principal creditor powers —France, Belgium, and Italy—gave their unqualified adhesion to the report, because each gained very considerably at the expense of Great Britain. I will now try to make as plain as possible the objections of the British Government to the proposals of the experts' report. It is a very difficult and complicated matter, but I will try my best to make it clear.

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The experts' report fixed the amount of payments to be made by Germany at an average of £100,000,000 a year for the next 59 years. This was a very considerable reduction from the annuities under the Dawes Plan. I made it clear in my first speech at the Conference that the British Government not only accepted, but welcomed, the proposed reduction in the amount of the scale of the reparations and annuities which Germany under that plan would be called upon to pay. We welcomed also the proposal to abolish the system of control of German internal finance by the creditor powers. But the experts had gone beyond their terms of reference and made proposals which altered the agreed percentages in the distribution of the annuities between the creditor powers. Though the British Government would welcome a proposal, if it were accepted by all, to wipe the slate clean of reparations and debts, we took up the position that, so long as reparations are paid, they must be fairly distributed between the different creditor powers. This question of distribution was hotly debated by the creditor countries for two years after the War. At the conference at Spa in 1920 a scale of distribution was agreed upon, and at all subsequent revisions of the amount of German reparations this scale of distribution has been maintained until the Young Committee proposed the altered percentages, to the grave disadvantage of Great Britain. The distribution proposed by the Young Committee would have reduced Great Britain's shares by £2,400,000 a year for 37 years. Great Britain's loss was to be distributed between France, Italy, and Belgium, the major part of the advantage going to Italy.

THERE was another feature of the Young Report to which the British Government took strong exception. It was proposed to divide the German annuities into two classes, called conditional and unconditional annuities. About one-third of the total annuities was to be placed in the category of unconditional, and was to take priority of payment over the other two-thirds. Five-sixths of this priority was allocated to France; Italy was to take two millions or so; and the remainder, amounting to less than two millions altogether, was to be distributed between the other creditor powers. These were the two principal matters to which the British Government took strong exception. The purpose of dividing the annuities into two categories, giving absolute security for the receipt of the unconditional part, was to enable the countries receiving these payments to mobilize or fund them into a capital debt against Germany. France would be able to capitalize each portion of her annual claims upon Germany by transforming them into an international loan.

At the opening of the Conference I stated the British objections to these two proposals, and gave reasons why we could not agree to the

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adoption of the report unless the percentages of the annuities which it was proposed to alter to the disadvantage of Great Britain were restored.

The objections of the British delegation appeared to come as a surprise to the Conference. It certainly came as a surprise to me that the other delegates to the Conference should have been so ill-informed as to what the attitude of the British Government was likely to be. Indeed, it came out in the later stages of my innumerable interviews with the heads of the other principal delegations that they had never fully realized what Great Britain was expected to sacrifice. The great sacrifices which Great Britain has made in the various debt settlements with Continental debtors had never been adequately appreciated. I told the Conference, when the foreign delegates talked of the sacrifices they were making, of the burdens which the British taxpayers were bearing for their benefit.

As a matter of fact, there is not a single one of the countries that were engaged in the War that has made anything at all approaching the financial sacrifices which Great Britain has made. We have a War debt now of £7,500,000,000, which is more than double the War debt of any other nation which was engaged in the War. The taxation of our people is about double, per head of the population, that of any other country. We have to provide, I told them, 125,000,000 francs every day of the year for the service of our War debt.

I had to remind them also of the generous and magnanimous character of our debt settlements with our late Allies. We had settled a debt owed to us by France of £600,000,000 for £227,000,000. In the case of Italy we settled a debt of £500,000,000 for a present value of £78,000,000, and, if the proposals made in the Young Report were carried into effect, we should have to sacrifice to Italy another £30,000,000. In addition to all these sacrifices, which placed a permanent burden of £60,000,000 a year on the British taxpayer, we were now asked by the terms of this Report to sacrifice a further £2,400,000 a year. 'The limit of concession has been reached,' I said. 'I am as anxious as any member of this Commission to come to an agreement which would be mutually satisfactory, but there can be no settlement unless it is a settlement based on justice. It is not merely a question of some £2,000,000 a year. It is more than that. It is a claim for the maintenance of international agreements for fair dealing between nation and nation. We have been asked to look at this question from the wider view of the pacification of Europe. We do that. Great Britain has made unparalleled sacrifices for that purpose, but the time has come to say that other nations must make their contribution to this desirable object, and we cannot any longer agree that every step forward in European reconstruction should be made at the expense of the British taxpayer.'

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This frank assertion that Great Britain was determined to assert her just rights fell like a bombshell on the Conference, and at the conclusion of my speech it was moved that we should adjourn for two days to enable the delegates to recover from the shock. After two days it was realized that no agreement was likely to be reached by formal debates. We refused to agree to the setting up of formal committees until we had received satisfaction on our three main points. It was agreed to set up a formal committee of Treasury experts. For three days during the next week-end these experts met, but made little progress. At no stage did the representatives of the other creditor powers make any offer.

AFTER a week of this futility I addressed a letter to M. Jaspar requesting that a definite decision on the points I had submitted to the Conference should be reached at an early date, and that the matter should be placed in the hands of the other creditor powers, and I promised that, if they so desired, I would submit my proposals to them. I said, 'The time has come for a definite decision; I expect this within the next two days.' The representatives of the other creditor powers went into conference, and two days later we received from them a letter setting forth their offer.

In the meantime, many conversations had taken place between myself and M. Jaspar, at which tentative proposals were made. When we received the offer of the creditor powers it was found to be so meagre as to be wholly unacceptable. This I communicated to M. Jaspar, and from that time onward the meetings became hectic. The meetings of the Conference were still suspended, but informal meetings of hourly occurrence were held.

Mr. Adatci, the principal Japanese delegate, was very active in the offers of conciliation. He arranged a tea-table interview in his room between M. Briand and M. Loucheur, the principal French delegates, and myself, at which we had a very friendly talk over the situation. Immediately after this conversation M. Loucheur called on a member of the British delegation to say that M. Briand had been gratified at the friendly character of the conversation and deeply impressed by the determined manner in which the Chancellor had insisted that he must have satisfaction as regarded the Spa percentages.

M. Loucheur intimated a concession which indicated an advance, but did not guarantee to Great Britain more than one-half of the loss. For days things dragged on. Private interviews continued, and occasional meetings of the heads of the principal powers. On Thursday, the 22nd, a meeting of the other four creditor nations was held, at which it was decided to make a fresh offer. Toward midnight M. Jaspar called on me to communicate the nature of the new offer. It showed practically no advance on the offer we had already rejected, and M. Jaspar

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was informed that it was quite unacceptable. The possibility of a deadlock seemed now more likely than at any time since the Conference began. I asked M. Jaspar if I must regard his latest offer as the last word of the other creditor powers. While not committing himself to that conclusion, he expressed grave doubts as to whether any more substantial offer would be made.

THE BRITISH delegation came to the conclusion that it was necessary to take steps to bring matters to a final issue. I addressed to M. Jaspar a communication asking that we should have the proposals of the other creditor powers in a final definite form in writing without further delay. The next two days were spent by the other creditor powers in constant session, and at the end of their deliberations we received a memorandum. We considered it, and it was decided that I should write a short note expressing our regret that it was altogether inadequate. It seemed in the interests of the Conference as a whole to send a short reply and at once.

An interesting sequel to the receipt of this last offer was a call upon me from Mr. Adatci, the head of the Japanese delegation, who in his quiet and plaintive voice came to explain that he had attended the discussions of the other creditor powers as an observer, and had offered his advice, but did not take part in sending the memorandum, nor did he associate himself with it. He had explained this to the other creditor powers, and had obtained their consent to making this declaration to the British Government as a matter of loyalty. Matters had now apparently reached a complete deadlock again.

Substantial progress, it is true, had been made on the political side, the agreement to which was almost complete, provided a settlement could be reached on the financial side. The matter of deliveries in kind, which was in the very able hands of Mr. Graham, had also made some progress, though our requirements had not been completely met. On the financial side, however, the position was the same as it had been for two weeks. Nothing approaching an adequate advance had been made toward us. In these circumstances, the British delegation decided to ask that afternoon for the summoning by the six inviting powers of a plenary conference on the following morning. When this request was presented to the other delegations we found that the French, Belgian, and Italian delegations had just made a similar request. The French delegation had actually reserved accommodation on the Paris train.

This meeting, which marked the decisive turning-point in the fortunes of the Conference, assembled at five o'clock. Each delegation outlined its own point of view at some length. For a time it looked as though the breakdown of the Conference was inevitable. M. Briand made an impassioned plea to put the interests of Europe before any

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paltry financial considerations. I said that I agreed, and that, so long as conciliatory measures were likely to be fruitful, we had been willing to continue. We had, however, waited three weeks. There had been no progress, no decision. The British delegation had been most anxious to give every opportunity for conversations that might be fruitful of results. All through the British delegation had manifested great patience. For days we had had to sit idle, and now, as a final offer, we were asked to accept one-half of our legitimate claims. The end of the Conference seemed at hand, but developments were imminent which showed once more that the darkest hour is that before the dawn.

The room was insufferably hot, and it was suggested that we might adjourn for ten minutes to get some fresh air. We split into little groups, and then the bargaining process began. The British delegates remained in one room, while the others went into another room. M. Jaspar acted as intermediary. M. Jaspar returned within five minutes to say that his friends would advance only sixty-six per cent. I at once rejected this, and at eight-forty-five I described on half a sheet of note paper the five heads of our minimum demands, and this I handed to M. Jaspar.

Half an hour later he returned with an offer which showed some advance but was still unacceptable. I begged him to continue his efforts, and pointed out that in half an hour he had advanced £100,000 a year, and at the same rate he would come up to the minimum demands before midnight. He returned in a quarter of an hour with a further advance of £50,000. 'You are doing first rate, M. Jaspar,' I said. 'Be not weary in welldoing.' In the next two or three hours further small advances were made, and by eleven-thirty they had come within £240,000 of the British claim. M. Jaspar was in despair. 'I cannot do more,' he said. 'You have emptied all our pockets.' 'Go through your pockets again,' I said very kindly, 'and I am sure that you can find enough to cover what remains between us.' 'You told me you had a very kind heart,' he said, 'but we have never met a man like you.' I assured him that it was out of the kindness of my heart that I wished him to continue his efforts, as I was sure that he would succeed. Then someone had a brain wave, and the hitherto undiscovered means of giving us the sum we needed was discovered. At midnight our demands were accepted, and the Conference was saved. At 2 o'clock in the morning we left the conference hall. Outside were hundreds of journalists, who had been waiting all through those hours and had enlivened the tedium by making a bonfire of the Young Report in the square.

I had now better explain just what our persistency has gained. We claimed, in addition to our annuities of £2,400,000, a fairer share of the unconditional annuities and some substantial improvement in regard to deliveries in kind. The agreement we reached on the first of these claims gives us an increase in our guaranteed annuities of £2,-

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000,000 a year for 37 years. This is guaranteed to the extent of £990,000 by the French and Belgian Governments and £450,000 by Italy. We receive in addition at once a lump sum of £5,000,000, which is equal to an additional annuity of £360,000 a year. In addition, by the rearrangement of the dates at which debt payments are to be made, we gain an additional sum of £200,000 a year. This brings the total gain under this head to £2,000,000 a year. And there is the further advantage of considerable value that, of these sums, ninety per cent are guaranteed and are therefore placed in the category of unconditional annuities, and we should continue to receive them in the event of any postponement. This may be regarded as full compensation for the small sacrifice we made in the total of our original demands.

In regard to the second point, we obtained a larger percentage of unconditional annuities. Under the Young Plan there was available for us a share of the undistributed unconditional annuities which would not have amounted at the outset to more than £850,000 a year. We are now receiving, in addition to the guaranteed annuities, a further unconditional payment of £2,750,000 a year. On the third of our claims—namely, delivery in kind—a very substantial improvement was secured by the agreement with Italy. They have undertaken to buy 1,000,000 tons of coal a year for the next three years. These three matters constitute our gains in the financial and commercial sphere, but the British delegation has been equally successful on the political side. Agreement has been reached between France, Belgium, and Great Britain on the one hand, and Germany on the other, by which the evacuation of the Rhineland is to be effected by the end of next June. The withdrawal of the British troops will begin at once, and it is expected that our evacuation will be complete before Christmas.

MAY I NOW briefly summarize the results of our four weeks' strenuous efforts? It has been commonly asserted in the foreign Press that the British delegation were fighting only for some sordid material gains. It is quite true that we were determined that our just rights in the matter of the distribution of reparations should be respected. These were by no means unimportant, although a sum of £2,000,000 a year is an infinitesimal part of the enormous financial sacrifice which this country has made for the benefit of our Continental debtors. When we decided to resist the call for further sacrifice we desired the world to know that we had reached the limit of our generosity and that we could not allow England any longer to be regarded the milch cow of Europe.

But beyond this, and of far greater importance, was our assertion of our international rights and our determination that international agreements should be respected. I am convinced that our stand will make a profound impression on our future relations with the other countries of

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Europe. The rights and the influence of Great Britain in international diplomacy have been reasserted, and there will be no reversion to the spineless policy of recent years. We have won the respect of the nations with whom we have been in acute, but friendly, controversy in the past four weeks. I made it a condition at the outset of the Conference that Great Britain would not accept any concession to her just claims at the expense of the smaller powers or of Germany. This condition has been maintained. After the final agreement had been reached I voluntarily sacrificed some share of the unconditional annuities to which we were entitled in order that they might be divided among the smaller nations, and this concession has won for us their ardent gratitude and respect. Throughout the Conference the personal relations between the British delegates and those of the other powers have been of the most cordial and friendly character—a striking contrast with the bitterness of the personal attacks which have been made on me in some of the Continental newspapers. One of the mildest characterized myself as the reincarnation of the man who burned Joan of Arc, beheaded Mary, Queen of Scots, and banished Napoleon.

I cannot conclude without paying a warm tribute of respect and admiration to the leaders of the other delegations. M. Briand's wise statesmanship and conciliatory spirit have contributed much to the success of the Conference. Animated by an earnest desire to bring the Conference to a successful end, he made concessions which I am sure his own countrymen will on consideration heartily approve. Herr Stresemann, the leader of the German delegation, who has his own internal political difficulties, showed a willingness to coöperate which was highly commendable. M. Jaspar, the Belgian Prime Minister, filled the difficult and often very unwelcome task of negotiator between the parties. His tact, his humor, and his patience were in a very large measure the means by which a satisfactory outcome of the Conference was achieved.

I would just like to make one further acknowledgment of our gratitude, and that is to the unanimous support of the British Press and of British public opinion. Without this it would have been quite impossible to achieve our object. At twelve o'clock on Saturday the Conference ended amid universal congratulations and satisfaction. It was the birthday of the Queen of the Netherlands, to whose Government the Conference was deeply indebted for its hospitality. As the delegates finally left the conference hall the band assembled in the square played the stirring old hymn, 'Now thank we all our God.' It was a fitting end to the Conference, which I am sure has done much to liquidate the legacies of the War, to liberate the countries of Europe, and to enable them to pursue more actively their economic reconstruction. Above all, I believe it will be seen that it has brought a new spirit into international policy which will help to bring that peace so abundantly desired by the people.

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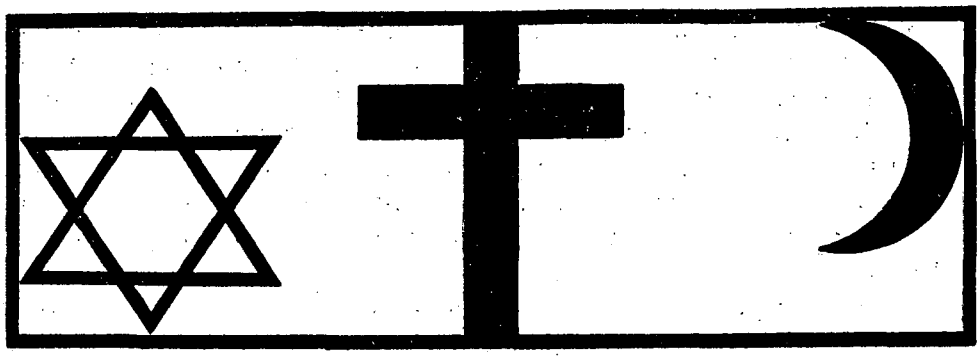

WHAT I SAW IN PALESTINE

A German Journalist Blames It on England

By Wolfgang von Weisl

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Democratic Daily

JERUSALEM is shaken with rage and indignation, but not against the Arabs who attacked the Jews and not against the Mufti whose personal ambition unleashed the religious hatred of his people. Arabs are a known quantity and everyone recognizes that they never act without orders. The Mufti is a known quantity, too, and it is recognized of him that he is striving for popularity on the eve of the new elections for the chief position in the Mohammedan council. This council supervises extensive church property, it controls *waqfs*,* and appoints more than a thousand sheiks, priests, servants in mosques, judges, teachers, and official employees, so that, if the Mufti becomes president of the council, he will be the real ruler of Palestine. In order to attain this end, he is allowing the Jews to be attacked, and by making himself into a national hero he hopes to overwhelm the powerful opposition that has previously been built up against him.

No, the Jews are not marshaling their few resources against the Mufti. What they hate is neither the Mufti nor his Arab followers, but the mass of English officials who are using the Mufti as their tool, who reveal their passwords to him and are glad to let him use them freely.

*A Turkish jurist has defined *waqf* as 'the tying up of a property itself and the imposition of an interdiction on its transfer in such a way that its benefit is given to men on the condition that the property is regarded as the property of God.'

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But the Palestine Jews neither know nor care what game England is playing. All they see is the events that have occurred in Palestine during the past year. They see that the country has enjoyed an unparalleled economic revival, that gold is flowing in so swiftly that the very streets seem to be paved with it. They have seen, too, how Englishmen connected with the government have endeavored to check this economic revival, how they have plotted against the Jews and humiliated them as only Englishmen can. But this is not the only cause of their indignation. They have seen what has happened at their holiest place, the Wailing Wall.

The conflict between the Jews and the Palestine government, for the fight against the Arabs is really a fight against the government, began to assume national proportions on the Jewish Day of Atonement last fall when the English police, obedient to the orders of a British official, who in turn was carrying out the wishes of the Mufti, broke up the Jewish service two hours before it was over and took away a screen that the Jews had 'illegally' erected in a place where, in accordance with the principle of the status quo, they were only supposed to have platters, a shrine, and camp stools.

The Jews protested, not so much because the Mufti had demanded the removal of the screen, which had been put there merely to propitiate a single rabbi, as because the government had made no attempt to postpone their action two or three hours, but had interrupted the religious service merely to please the Mufti. The Jews felt obliged to protest against this humiliation, which was exactly what the instigators wanted. But their protests and articles and meetings were unavailing. Not a single policeman, not a single official was arrested. The Mufti was once more playing the agreeable rôle of defender of the faith against the Jewish menace.

UNTIL THAT time the Wailing Wall had been a place that the Arabs enjoyed defiling. But from then on it became, *par ordre du Mufti*, a shrine of the highest importance to Islam. It seems that the horse of Mohammed had stopped there when Mohammed had come from Arabia to Jerusalem at the request laid upon him in a dream by the archangel, Gabriel. This important doctrine, which first came to light in the year 1929, the Mufti defended with all his energy. He collected money in every possible country and began erecting new structures about the Wailing Wall. One wall was built above it, another to the right, another to the left, a new door was made in the Mosque of Omar opening directly on the Wailing Wall and a place was made for the muezzin to stand so that he would shout his prayers in the very ears of the Jews. A roofless structure was also erected for music and singing. In short, the same Mohammedans who had attacked the

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Hindus in India because they played music and sang near the mosques did the same thing in Palestine, though it is forbidden by the Koran, simply to infuriate the Jews.

All this was intensely painful to the Jewish people. Zionism is entirely a lay movement and the various socialist parties who support the Zionist organization have no religious views whatever. Now, however, they found themselves manœuvred by the British government into an inescapable religious struggle. The Zionist organization at once protested against the structure erected at the right of the Wall, but the British government allowed it to go up. They protested against the structure at the left, against the door, and against the muezzin, but the British permitted all this to go through. The Jews became mere puppets and playthings in the hands of the Mufti and the Palestine government. They could not surrender their Wailing Wall; they could not tolerate that the place of wailing should be turned into a public way about eighteen feet broad, where Arabs walked by as they held their religious services. But the government was determined to support the Arabs. With each protest and each vain intervention on the part of the Jews, the prestige of the Mufti increased still further. His people saw that he was defending their interests, and that the English did his bidding. His reelection was assured.

Then came the national Day of Mourning for the Jewish people, the anniversary of the day on which the temple had twice been destroyed, once, more than 2,500 years ago, by Nebuchadrezzar and another time on the same day 1,850 years ago by the Roman emperor, Titus. Every year on this day the Jerusalem Jews gather together at their holy wall, which has witnessed so much sorrow and suffering in the last twenty-five hundred years. This time, too, they celebrated it in the same fashion and, on the night of the fourteenth of August, 10,000 inhabitants of Jerusalem marched to their holy place—for, let English jurists say what they will of the rights of *waqfs* and the status quo, that wall belongs to Jews. This procession was the silent protest of Jerusalem and the same protest was made articulate by speakers at mass meetings in Tell Aviv, which the Labor Cabinet in England had permitted over the protests of anti-Zionist officials of the Palestine government.

But an answer was ready for both the procession and the meeting. The Mufti had sent letters and messages to the towns about Jerusalem and had urged their inhabitants to betake themselves to the Mosque of Omar on the sixteenth of August, for in Jerusalem itself there are only 12,000 Mohammedans to 50,000 Jews. It was then that the situation grew tense. The government allowed the Mufti to hold a demonstration at the Wailing Wall under the pretext that the Jews had also held a demonstration, since on the fifteenth of August about 300 young Jews had marched about the holy wall bearing a flag and singing their

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national hymn, an incident that caused the Mufti to announce that he could not be responsible for peace if his demonstration were not also permitted.

Under the previous High Commissioner of Palestine the same Mufti had been treated differently, for Field Marshal Lord Plumer believed that he was responsible for the maintenance of order and that the Mufti was only a religious leader; but Mr. Luke, who is now 'ruling,' preferred to give in, and, *par ordre du Mufti*, 2,000 Arabs 'visited' the Wailing Wall of the Jews at noon on the sixteenth of August, whereupon, according to the announcement of the government, one platter was broken during the 'collision' of the crowds, and papers and prayers were torn and burned but the Jews were not attacked, nor did any demonstrators come out of the new door in the mosque. The Zionists protested in vain against this announcement, but were told that all was quiet and that peace prevailed.

Nevertheless, this official press dispatch caused more indignation than the riot itself. I was the first man to see the 'visitors' come forth and I saw with my own eyes that the mosque door was open and that Arabs came through it. I then saw not only papers and prayers, but prayer books, psalms, and prophetic writings being torn and burned, while during the 'collision' of the crowds not only was one platter broken, but pans, basins, pails, towels, and lanterns were destroyed, while the prayer leader assured me personally that he had been attacked and robbed. At the request of the High Commissioner's representative I then produced burned prayer books and psalms and the government had to retract at least this detail from the mass of lies that they had told. But in all other respects they simply went on lying.

ON THE next day, the Jewish Self-Defense Corps guarded the ancient quarter of the city and the *Trumpeldor* troops gathered at the Wailing Wall, forcing the government to summon a strong police guard of its own so that peace might at least prevail in this one spot. But on the same day blood had already begun to flow in the suburbs. Two Jewish children were attacked while playing football and were severely wounded with knives. The quarter occupied by Kurdish Jews—men who had learned the art of fighting in Persia—was also attacked, but it went hard with their assailants. One Arab had his head split open and more than a dozen were wounded. At various intervals during the day and night skirmishes occurred throughout Jerusalem. An eighty-year-old American was attacked; a young man was stabbed; a business man was severely wounded; but in no case did the police intervene.

This indifference on the part of the police enraged the Jews more than everything else put together. There are only eight Jewish police-

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men in Jerusalem. All the rest are Arabian or English. The result was that when a Jew overpowered an Arab who had attacked him and then tried to turn his assailant over to the police, the Jew was arrested, because any Arab policeman would say that the Jew had been the aggressor. On one occasion a Jew rushed into a police station bleeding profusely, but the policeman merely said to him, 'Too bad you're only wounded, not dead.' An Arab thief caught red-handed by a Jew was set free. 'Let him go,' said the police, and the Jew was promptly beaten up by the Arabs.

Finally, a seventeen-year-old Jew who had been wounded on Sunday afternoon died. He was the first casualty. And now the police took up their duties. Although they had not attempted to prevent the death of this young man, they appeared at his funeral procession, in which 3,000 Jews took part, most of them Spaniards, Kurds, and Bokharians, who marched through the Street of Jaffa, where all shops had been closed as a sign of mourning. But the English and Arabian police blocked the way to the Mount of Zion, where the specially honored dead are buried. The Jews were aroused to frenzy when they laid their eyes on all these officials who had never been visible when they were being attacked, who had shown themselves inert when the Mufti arranged his special 'visit' to the Wailing Wall, who had looked on calmly while the holy Jewish books were being burned. They surveyed all these supporters of public order trying to prevent their paying final honor to a dead youth and hurled themselves against the police cordon, breaking through for a moment. The English, who had shown so much respect for the Mufti, showed none at all for the coffin or for those who accompanied it. Wielding cudgels, the English and Arabs attacked the Jews from three sides and an armored automobile broke through the funeral procession. Twenty-seven Jews were wounded, and the parade was broken up, but order was finally restored. The mourners rearranged themselves and took the path they were told to take to the cemetery in the Valley of Kidron.

It must, of course, be ascertained whether the police were justified in forbidding the funeral procession and in blocking the way and whether the Jews were justified in attempting to meet the violence of the Arabs with violence of their own. This much, however, is already certain. Many people who formerly sympathized with England in Palestine have come to sympathize with the Jews, and, unless a complete change of front occurs and a relentless prosecution of guilty officials follows, then the indignation of the Jews, which has now turned against the officials of the Palestine government, will be directed against England herself. And England has not so many friends in Asia that she can afford to lose even one.

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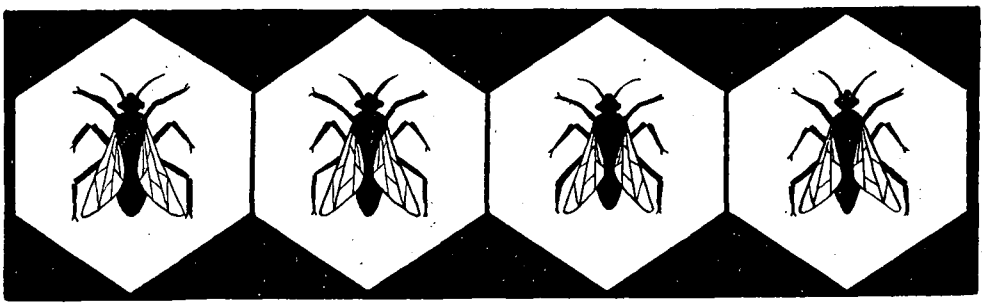

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AT HOME

Living Apart from the World in a Riviera Villa, the Great Belgian Poet Talks of the Future Life

By Juan José de Soiza Reilly

Translated from *Caras y Caretas,* Buenos Aires General Weekly

THE WORLD WAR brought death, not only to soldiers, but to literary reputations as well. Many a famous writer died forever under the spiritual pressure of the great world cataclysm. Where is Paul Bourget, whose novels were once read by all the peoples of the earth? Yesterday he was a leader of youth. To-day he is old and rich, but unknown; he is out of the current of life, a mere Immortal, like most of the members of the renowned French Academy. Perhaps the only writer who has kept his prestige undimmed since the days of the War is Maeterlinck. His books continue to sell by the millions.

I came through Nice to call upon Maeterlinck in his delightful hiding place in the mountains behind the city with just one question to ask him: 'What is the secret of your popularity?'

His answer was to take me by the arm and lead me through the luxuriant garden which surrounds *Les Abeilles*, his villa. He wore Russian costume, with belted blouse, and he showed me lovingly the thousand and one species of roses that he cultivates. Quietly, without attempting to preach, he explained to me that a flower has a soul. He talked about the stars. He spoke of the truthfulness of dreams, and of how one may live and love securely in the knowledge of death.

Later he began to play about his garden like a boy, chasing his pretty blonde wife among the trees. He laughed. He sang. He did everything simply, with no theatrical gestures. And after I had been there a

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few hours, without his having answered my question, without his having said a single word about himself, I suddenly understood the secret of his popularity.

Living apart from the world!

For Maeterlinck does live apart from the world. Thanks to his marvelous intuition and to his poetic sense, he can dispense with human contacts and thus avoid the oblivion into which most of his contemporaries have fallen. Long ago he set about investigating the virtues of silence, and wrote for us about the toiling bee, the industrious ant, and the flower that can feel suffering and joy. Then, reaching still closer to the absolute heights of silence, he sought to learn of life on the stars. He sought the scientific explanation of the age-old question of mankind: 'Where do we go when we die?'

A PLEASANT host and an excellent conversationalist, Maurice Maeterlinck glows with the spirit of youth in spite of his magnificent shock of white hair and his sixty-seven years. When he saw me appear in his garden, he came running downstairs, his arms stretched out in greeting. His doctor—Dr. Luis Camous of Nice, a great friend of Manuel Ugarte—had told him that I was coming, and he remarked sadly:—

'Camous told me that you want to interview me. What a shame! I should have enjoyed being your friend . . .'

I hastened to reassure him. 'I have no questions to ask, M. Maeterlinck. I am already familiar with your books and your beliefs, so we can talk of something else.'

He smiled and told me how greatly the British and American reporters annoyed him.

'Do you really think the public wants to know whether I write with a blue or a gold pencil? Do you think my books will be any better if my readers know what I like to eat?'

A lady reporter, sent by an American magazine, recently came to interview him. Maeterlinck refused to see her. She insisted, saying that an interview with him was for her a matter of life or death. It seems that she had lost all her money playing roulette in Nice, and it was only by obtaining an interview with Maeterlinck that she could hope to get enough from her magazine to take herself and her children back to Chicago.

If Maeterlinck would not see her, she said, there was nothing for her to do but commit suicide. Naturally, Maeterlinck supposed that the threat was only a trick, in fact the chances were nine hundred and ninety-nine to one that she was deceiving him. But the existence of that one chance was too much for his conscience. He sent word that she could see him whenever she wished.

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The lady reporter came in eagerly, fountain pen in hand. Maeterlinck looked at her with anguish in his eyes, like a man on the operating table when he sees the nurse approaching with the anæsthetic. Without a moment's hesitation, the Yankee lady said in a very American sort of French:—

'You must tell me, master, why you divorced your first wife, Georgette Leblanc!'

Maeterlinck, furious, jumped up from his chair. He took his visitor by the arm and gently but firmly led her to the door, saying as she left:—

'Go ahead and commit suicide, madam!'

COCKTAIL time.

Madame Maeterlinck held the shaker in her slender fingers and shook the mixture as carefully as if she were going through a sacred rite. For, in Europe, tea time is nothing but an excuse for a cocktail, a fashion which is largely the result of feminine influence.

Someone in the party protested against women drinking cocktails in such quantities, but plenty of us opposed him. The cocktail, we said, if it is not abused, is absolutely harmless. Tea, as a matter of fact, is much worse. The protester remained unconvinced and produced a caricature which had appeared in a Paris periodical, showing a girl of an aristocratic Paris family staggering back to her house in the early morning so drunk that she had even forgotten her rouge. The disapproving old servant who opened the door reproached her: 'Child! If your mother were to see you in that state!'

'Mother? There she is now coming up the steps on her hands and knees!'

While we all laughed, the protesting person held out his glass to Madame Maeterlinck and looked at her imploringly as he asked her to fill it again.

It was getting dark and Maeterlinck turned away from his flowers. From time to time he looked up at the stars, which themselves looked like flowers set in the clear sky above Nice.

I thought of the superbly suggestive books which Maeterlinck has written about the sky and spoke to him of *Life in Space*, in which he takes us by the hand and leads us up among the constellations. We talked also of his latest book, *The Great Fairyland*, in which he makes use of the latest astronomical discoveries to tear the veil from the deep tragedy of death.

'DREAMS,' he said, speaking simply, as if he were talking of things with which he was entirely familiar, 'help man to remove this veil which separates him from a knowledge of his destiny. I have experimented with my own dreams, cataloguing them and writing them down. I have had myself waked out of a sound sleep in the middle of

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the night in order to be able to reproduce my dream exactly. I have satisfied myself that dreams are fragments of our future. Unbelievers may smile if they wish, but science, during the last thirty years, has made a good many dreams come true. Astronomers and chemists have both helped to throw light upon the mystery of the great beyond.

'There are so many things of which we still know nothing! Little by little, however, science is changing our idea of the Universe. Everything that happens in the infinitely great is identical with what happens in the infinitely small. Astronomers have become chemists and physicists. Chemists and physicists are to-day the astronomers of the molecule. It is they who are proving that there is an eternal, omniscient being in the cosmos, that there is a God. What difference does it make what we call Him? The important thing is that God is the Universe—space and time without limit—eternity.

'Are there other worlds more perfect than our own?' continued Maeterlinck. 'Possibly, but they should not frighten us. We should seek to improve our own world until it is the equal of the others. I am almost certain that we are being observed from the other planets and perhaps they are listening to us, too. We transmit ideas and feelings to each other by wireless through the ether and since the ether is exactly the same in any part of the cosmos, why can't there be communication between different worlds? Every time we think or feel, we set molecules in motion, and these molecules give off waves and electrons which travel for great distances through the ether. The study of light has taught us that space is no obstacle to its waves. And as far as death is concerned, there is no such thing! No! Nothingness does not follow after death. Science affirms that nothing dies. There is nothing mortal in the Universe.

WHAT do we know about where or what we shall be in future time? The last thirty years—thanks to the discoveries of chemists and astronomers—have brought us much nearer a solution of the secret of the Universe than the preceding ten centuries. To-day, we know that in that part of the heavens which we can reach with our telescopes there are as many dark stars as there are bright ones. The earth and all the planets of our solar system are dark stars, corpses of stars. Then there are other heavenly bodies which whirl through space without receiving from neighboring bodies the light and heat which permit our own earth to survive in the midst of what I call "the immeasurable cemetery of dead worlds."

'It seems to me a mistake, however, to call stars which are merely dark, dead worlds. There are no dead and no cemeteries in the Universe. It is a proven fact that cosmic energy merely expresses itself differently in these dark stars, an expression different from light, in-

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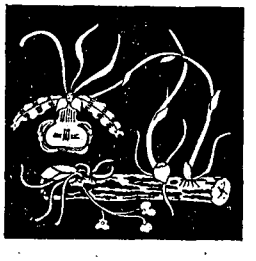
visible to the human eye, like electricity, centrifugal force, inertia, gravitation, and all the great forces of nature. There are "dark radiations" in space and "light radiations." It follows that very possibly these apparently dead worlds are just as alive as our own and are filled with people, whose forms we cannot comprehend. The new telescopes at the Mount Wilson Observatory have already shown us that what had been called an infinite vacuum is really full of stars. The extent of that vacuum is limited only by the strength of our telescopes. A house may be filled with furniture, but if we enter it in the dark it will seem empty.

'But we still know almost nothing. In my book, *Life in Space*, I ask: "Are we living in the present, the past, or the future?" Imagine an astronomer on some distant star looking at us through a giant telescope. Suppose, for instance, that we choose the star, Mira. It takes sixty or seventy odd years for its light to reach the earth. In order to see us the astronomer on Mira must necessarily depend upon light, so that the image which he gets comes to him sixty or seventy years late. Thus, he will see us in about the year two thousand, and what appears to him as the present will be to us the past.'



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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Lost Atlantis

EVERY SO OFTEN SOMEBODY in Europe raises the question of the lost continent of Atlantis. Some years ago, Pierre Benoit wrote a best-selling novel about it and more recently a German scholar has used the same theme to bolster up a curious theory of Nordic supremacy, while at the same time in France the *Revue de Paris* has printed an article by a M. Jouleaud based on two of Plato's dialogues which contain references to a rich vanished land not far westward of the Pillars of Hercules.

The German theory—which is by far the more ambitious of the two—has not yet been brought to completion. It made its first appearance about a year ago in a large volume called *Der Aufgang der Menschheit* by Hermann Wirth, who traces the origins of the Nordic race to that part of the earth's surface that now surrounds the North Pole. The idea is that before the Pole had shifted to its present site, that site enjoyed a temperate enough climate to accommodate a race of blond monotheists who later spread to various corners of the earth. The descendants of these prehistoric Nordics are supposed to include the Maoris of New Zealand, the American Indians, and the Mongolians, although their original blood has virtually disappeared. But the culture of these Polar Nordics—if we are to believe Herr Wirth—came to its fullest flower on the lost continent of Atlantis, radiating from there to Africa and Europe. Perhaps the weakest of all his suggestions is that the excavations at Glozel—now branded as fakes by nearly all the authorities in the world—represent the finest relics of this culture on European soil. The task Herr Wirth has begun is only half finished, however, and he is preparing a second volume to establish and develop ideas that he sketched in his initial opus.

By comparison with this sweeping view of world history, M. Jouleaud's assertions are modesty itself. He merely turns, as many scholars before him have done, to two Platonic dialogues, one with Timæus and the other with Critias, which contain reports of a great people living far away in the west who penetrated the Mediterranean as far as the gates of Athens. These reports, it seems, are verified by recent excavations in the city of Saïs on the lower Nile, which dates back to before the time of the Pharaohs. It is revealed, for instance, that even during the rule of the Pharaohs Egypt was receiving more influence from the west than from the east and that the discovery of bronze and copper could not have been made in North Africa but that these metals were first developed in Atlantis. It also appears that Atlantis was not inundated in 8000 B.C., as Plato suggests, but that it existed as late as 6,000 or even 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. The reason for this assumption is that the peculiarities of Atlantis, as recorded in the Platonic dialogues, seem to coincide with certain influences at Saïs that can be dated with some degree of accuracy.

Censorship in Germany

TWO YEARS AGO the German Reichstag passed the so-called 'Smut and Trash Act' in order to prevent the appearance of publications given over to

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pornography and crime. At the time the bill went through, the parties of the Left opposed it for fear it would be turned to political purposes, but a report just issued by the Berlin Home Office indicates that the principle of free speech remains intact. In practice, as in theory, the bill only comes into operation when specific accusations are made against individual publications, and these accusations have to be investigated and judged by a tribunal. And if the defendant is found guilty he is at liberty to take his case to a higher court.

Up to May 31st of the current year, sixty-three publications were laid before the Smut and Trash Tribunal. Pornography was by no means the only complaint; many of the magazines and books were also believed to be inducive to crime. Certainly there is no indication that the authorities have been overzealous in enforcing the new law, which is already proving cumbersome and ineffective. Often it is hard to draw a hard and fast distinction between mere trash and would-be literature and the publishers have quickly accommodated themselves to the new conditions. Some, to be sure, have been driven out of business altogether, but others, especially in Berlin, have merely been forced to operate through underground channels. One thing at least is certain. They do not order these matters better in Boston.

Ex-President Huerta Teaches Singing

BEFORE OR AFTER THEY DIE, all good foreigners go to Hollywood and Adolfo de la Huerta, former President of Mexico, has been lucky enough to win his way to paradise this side of the grave. The man who served a few months as Provisional President—not the General Huerta whose very name made strong men tremble—has now become a teacher of singing in the intellectual capital of California, where he was discovered by an enterprising reporter from the *Nación* of Buenos Aires. When Huerta fled to the United States with his family, he was also accompanied by his secretary, a Mr. Guzman, who presently found himself asking the fallen statesman how he proposed to make a living. 'You shall be a singer,' Huerta replied, and promptly set about giving lessons. But let him tell his own story:—

> I had always dreamed of being a singer, but the hazards of life had led me into political conflicts and, for fear of lending myself to the mockery of my political enemies, I had to hide this passion and could only give myself over to the joys of singing in secrecy, as if it were a sin. I have studied the art of singing a great deal and have read extensively on the subject. In this way I discovered that the ancient Greeks and Romans possessed a secret method of developing their voices. This secret was lost during the Middle Ages, but was rediscovered and successfully practised in modern times by that great Italian master and composer, Porpora, known as the 'maker of voices,' who had as illustrious disciples Farinelli and Caffarelli. By virtue of my researches I succeeded in discovering that anyone could acquire a voice by certain exercises of the larynx and of the respiratory tubes. It was then that I devoted myself to anatomical and physiological studies of a means of developing the voice. And I can now say that I am able to make a complete singer—a man who can sing tenor, baritone, and bass.

The visitor from Buenos Aires to whom this theory was unfolded asked for a demonstration and Mr. Guzman at once burst into song, revealing a voice of extraordinary power. Of the forty pupils who have so far availed themselves of Huerta's services, several are said to be on the verge of brilliant careers. But, gratifying as this success must be, it is hard to believe that our Mr. Coolidge made a mistake when he took up literature instead.

'Journey's End' in Berlin

THE POPULARITY THAT *All Quiet on the Western Front* has enjoyed in England is being duplicated by the success of *Journey's End* in Berlin. The

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British war play that proved to be the success of the season in New York has been hailed by the Berlin Press as a masterpiece, and its author, R. C. Sherriff, has been universally praised. One democratic, pacifistic paper says of him, 'Sherriff fights against war as Remarque's novel fights against it, namely, by describing it and not by inveighing against it.' Another paper that holds similar political views says, '*Journey's End* is the cultured output of an intelligent enemy of war.'

But just as Remarque was claimed by both pacifists and militarists, so Sherriff, too, is praised by the jingo Press as well as by the radicals. 'Hats off to this Englishman,' exclaims one reactionary paper, 'who has written the cleanest war play that has so far appeared on a German stage.' And the same paper goes on to urge that 'the German pacifists should go to the play in a body.' An official organ of the Hohenzollerns mentions 'scenes of overwhelming inward power to which only unsophisticated Germans will ascribe a pacifistic tendency.' The play's vitality and its lack of sentimentality come in for particular praise and its absence of structural unity is taken, not as a weakness, but as an indication of the author's honesty and his disinterested concern in facts for their own sake.

England's Electric Man

THIS MECHANICAL AGE of ours has at last assumed human form in the shape of an Englishman named Frederick Stone who claims that his body is overcharged with electricity. He has spent twenty of his forty-nine years in hospitals, where his case has been diagnosed as St. Vitus's dance, but never cured. It is Mr. Stone himself who advances the electrical theory.

His symptoms are indeed curious, for the only way he can avoid discomfort is to keep himself thoroughly insulated. Only when his shoes are fitted with soles an inch thick made of old automobile tires can he walk about in comfort, and when he practises his profession of driving a motor car he has to wear vulcanite insulators in his heels to avoid a choking sensation when he applies his foot to the brake or clutch.

But life also holds for him certain agreeable aspects denied to the rest of mankind. Thanks to his highly charged body he has made a successful side line of divining water and has lately discovered that he is also able to detect various metals. Under the supervision of the curator of the Plymouth Museum he has located gold rings, watches, bracelets, and silver spoons buried at a depth of six feet. His only equipment is a steel clock spring which he winds about his hand and which writhes when precious metals are near. He cannot, however, function at all when he wears his insulated shoes, and charged wires in the vicinity reduce his efficiency. Telephoning causes him intense pain, but radio he enjoys. 'I enjoy listening to radio by loud speaker,' he has announced, 'but as soon as I put on a pair of head phones I feel physical helplessness, as if I had received a blow on the head.' Thanks to Mr. Stone's strange powers, a trip to Rhodesia is being planned for him in the hope that he will be able to strike gold.

Memories of Franz Ferdinand

THE AMALTHEA VERLAG in Vienna is issuing a book on Archduke Franz Ferdinand written by his private physician, Hofrat Dr. Eisenmenger. From 1895, when he entered the Archduke's employ, until the fatal 28th of June, 1914, Dr. Eisenmenger had every opportunity to study the heir apparent to the Austro-Hungarian throne. As early as 1897 the Archduke was reviling England, and in March of that year he had his physician transcribe a letter to Prince Liechtenstein, the Austrian ambassador in Saint Petersburg. In this letter, he urged the Prince to secure friendly relations with Russia and criticized his own country's foreign minister, Count Goluchowski, whom the Russian court called a 'swine' because, according to Ferdinand, Goluchowski wanted to fraternize with England.

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'England,' continued the Archduke, 'is the most calculating, false, and unreliable ally.' He went on to declare that the Turkish atrocities in Crete and Armenia were 'arranged by England' and recommended that Austria cultivate close relations with Russia, eschewing the Poles and Hungarians in particular.

The Archduke's dislike of Hungary was one of his governing passions, in spite of the fact that he was to inherit its thousand-year-old iron crown of Saint Stephen when Franz Josef died. Naturally enough, this dislike was reciprocated and, during one of the Archduke's illnesses, a Hungarian paper expressed the hope that death would remove the country's future ruler. Obsessed by the idea of the divine right of kings, Franz Ferdinand scorned the great Magyar fighters for liberty and condemned the institution of civil marriage as it was practised in Hungary. Even in the 'nineties, it was generally believed that Franz Josef's heir would never ascend the throne, for he made so many enemies that his life was in constant danger. What might have happened if an assassin had killed him sooner and had thus shifted the succession to the easy-going, liberal Karl becomes, therefore, an engaging, if fruitless, topic for speculation.

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ENGINEER

By George Dickson

From the *London Mercury*, Literary Monthly

IT WAS TOO HOT for the blood of a man reared in the stern air of a Scottish carseland. The temperature of the engine platform was, as the thermometer on the bulkhead read, 118 degrees Fahrenheit. On the middle grating, when Tom went up to oil and feel the crossheads and guides, the thermometer, if he took it with him, read 135 degrees, and sometimes, if he held it nearer the high-pressure cylinder, 140 degrees Fahrenheit.

Much too hot. Still, in one minute he would strike one bell. A quarter of an hour later the third engineer would come below to relieve him. . . .

Ping!

Quarter to twelve at midnight. One bell. Now he would run up and call the Third. When that was done he would oil the top and bottom ends, fill the main bearing oil boxes, wipe around the conspicuous places of the engine, and finish chalking up his log on the board.

Ping-ping! Ping-ping! Ping-ping! Ping-ping!

Eight bells. Thank the Lord. The end of the watch.

Scarcely had the last 'ping' lost itself in the orchestration of the main symphony, than the fourth engineer, scared that the Third had fallen asleep again, saw the Third, a lanky figure in white dungaree trousers and cotton singlet, step through the narrow panel of blackness that was the engine-room door, high up, the height of a high tree, above. Thank the Lord. In a few minutes now Tom Ferguson would be free to go on

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deck for fresh air. Good-night, good-night, O ye stars that I can see when I look up through the skylights, good-night, good-night.

Rapidly the Third descended. It was his duty to 'feel' everyone of the one hundred and six moving parts—Tom had often counted them—of the engine before he took the watch over.

It is natural for a working bearing to possess a certain warmness. A certain warmness and no more. If, by refusing it its due share of oil, you let a bearing increase its temperature by the fewest of degrees, goodness only knows how much it will cost you in attention and worry to cool it back. It might even become so bad that you have to ring the breakdown bell and stop the main engines. Then there is a fine to-do, especially if it is in the middle of the night, in the Fourth's watch, say. Out pops the Second in his pajamas. It does not take much to waken a second engineer. Out comes the Chief. He has been sleeping on his settee while he has been waiting for the Fourth to come up and say that everything is all right. The Fourth keeps the Chief's watch, the eight-to-twelve. In comes an inquisitive fireman from the stokehole to see what is wrong—and the crowding of the engine room—and the rushing about getting things right—and a sailor sent down from the bridge, maybe, to tell the Chief that the repair had better not take too long, because the ship is off a weather shore—and everybody annoyed. . . . Yes. Bearings must be kept at their natural temperature if you want peace of mind in an engine room—even the small bearings.

WITH sensitive, expert fingers the Third, seemingly half asleep, but a quick somnambulist nevertheless, arrives on the engine platform.

'Hot, Tom?'

'Not too bad, Dan.'

The Third feels swiftly round the bottom ends and main bearings, the eccentric straps and the pumps; then he sees what steam pressure is recorded from the boilers, and satisfies himself about the amount of water in the boilers, and the scarcity of water in the bilges. What a handful it is to be in full charge of a watch when there are no greasers or donkeymen!

Tom, standing under the ventilator, keeps one eye on the movements of the Third and one on the engines.

The Third fingers the thrust block. It is all right. He disappears into the tunnel. Aft he goes. Bearing by bearing until he reaches the tail-end bearing of the main shaft. All right. Then the stern tube gland. No leakage; just a drip into the bilges. That is all right. That keeps things right.

Then, wiping his hands methodically, the Third steps out of the tunnel into the engine room again and walks easily, for the ship is on a

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Red Sea level and a steady keel, to the ventilator where Tom is waiting, leaning against the column that supports the telegraph, in front of the engines.

'Everything all right, Dan?'

'Aye, fine, Tom. When did you oil the steering engine? It feels a wee bit warm.'

'I oiled it twice this watch. At nine o'clock and an hour ago. I think it is all right. It felt all right when I was up calling you. I think we just imagine it is warm a bit because it is the first thing we feel when we come on watch.'

'Feel it again when you go up. Give me the nod if it is still all right and I won't worry with it. . . . Whew! Is there not a breath of wind to-night at all? Are the ventilators turned to the wind?'

Already the perspiration is pouring from the Third's face, and his singlet is showing dampness where it clings to his lean body.

Tom laughed. 'You'll be swearing before the end of your watch. It is like hell to-night. The wind, what there is of it, is traveling with the ship. . . . Never mind, Dan. We shall make Suez to-morrow. Once we are through the canal we'll be chittering. . . . I'm away up.'

THE Fourth picked up his tobacco, cigarette papers, and matches and went up the ladders. The Third went into the tunnel recess and filled his oil can for his first oiling round. The top and bottom ends must be oiled every half hour, the guides every quarter hour, the main bearings every hour, and all other bearings according to the time of their needs. A huge marine engine takes careful serving. She must be served just right. There is no use running up to one of her bearings with a pint of oil saying, 'Take that, you will get no more until I'm ready.' That is no use. She must have a little regularly. A little everywhere at the right time is all she will ask normally to run like a sewing machine. For half a gallon of oil is not much to last out a whole watch, with a job such as the engines of the *Glen Alva* have, where there is no screen bulkhead between the stokehole and engine room to keep the ashes from the forced draught out of the atmosphere and out of the bearings. But half a gallon of oil per watch was the allowance, and every one of the three watch-keeping engineers saved oil every watch on ordinary watches in the *Glen Alva*. Once when Tom was new to the job of watch-keeping, he used more than his allowance of oil every watch. The Chief took him into his room and told him a long story by which he proved that oil was nearly as precious as whiskey.

After that Tom watched very carefully until he was able to keep the job running sweetly on the half-gallon allowance. By and by he learned how oil could be saved by carefully dropping it only where it was required on the moving parts of the engines without spilling any. Fourteen

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drops here, ten drops there, four drops there, two drops there, an oil cup full here and so on—accurate work.

Tom has now reached his room in the alleyway where are the rooms of the Chief, the Second, the Cook and boy, and himself.

He switches the light on and drinks the quarter tumblerful of rum that he has saved from his day's rum ration. Ach, it is good, is rum. You can feel it tingling right away through your tired and hot body like new life. It makes you sweat worse for about a minute, then you feel fine.

He lifts the mug that is lying ready with cocoa, condensed milk, and sugar, then he steps into the alleyway and into the Chief's room to report that everything is all right. The Chief gives him a cigarette that Tom places inside his cap. Then the Chief starts to turn in while Tom goes away to the Third's room to collect Dan's cocoa mug too. Then he goes into the galley, where a sailor is keeping the fire good under a boiling kettle. . . . It is queer to think of sailors taking their watches four hours on and four hours off. When they are night watches, two hours are spent at the wheel, one hour at lookout on the forecastle head, and one hour standing by keeping the kettle boiling in the galley.

With the two full mugs Tom returns to the engine-room door. He lays down his own mug; it will stand without spilling to-night; then he runs down the ladder, feeling the steering engine on his way, to the Third in the engine room.

The Third is up on the middle platform as Tom goes down, so Tom shouts, 'The steering engine is fine, Dan. Good-night.' And up he comes to the deck again.

Now the rum has got right into his blood and he is feeling fine with himself.

He takes his cabin stool out on deck and sits down to drink his cocoa, with his eyes staring out from the ship. His lungs tingle with the night air, and his stomach feels good from the warm feeding qualities of the cocoa. Oh, it is good to be fourth engineer in a tramp steamer when you come off watch at midnight on a calm sea!

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WILL EUROPE AMERICANIZE HER WAGES?

By Lucien Laurat

Translated from *Progrès Civique*, Paris Radical Weekly

CAN AND SHOULD America really be our model in every domain of social life? Although we can readily do without certain American curiosities such as Prohibition, or the mentality that affirmed itself so brilliantly at the Dayton trial, or the way Yankees treat colored people, not only in their own country but in France, there are other things about them that excite the unreserved enthusiasm and approbation of Europeans. The Fourth Congress for the Scientific Organization of Labor recently held in Paris gave a fresh impulse to the application of so-called American methods to the industry, agriculture, and commerce of all countries. And the transatlantic mania for Protection is finding, alas, many admirers and imitators in the Old World.

But for some time the question of Americanizing wages has also been to the fore. Mr. Ford has written to the International Labor Bureau in Geneva asking for information about the relative purchasing power of wages. He proposes to use this information to establish a barometer of real wages to be paid in the Ford factories that have been built in so many European cities.

The essential element is not the nominal wage—that is the sum of money the worker receives for his toil—but the quantity of goods and enjoyments that he can procure for a given sum of money—in other words, the real wage. For it is real wages that Mr. Ford intends to make

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uniform for all his employees in all his factories without consideration of the country in which they are working. In the light of the high wage level that Ford pays in America, this means that he is taking the initiative in raising European wages, too.

Mr. Ford's attempt has been supported by Edward A. Filene, a business man and philanthropist as well known in the United States as he is in our own country. According to a telegram sent to the International Labor Bureau, Mr. Filene is raising $25,000 to help cover the expenses of the entire investigation, which will be pursued along Mr. Ford's lines by organizations sponsored by the League. Certainly the initiative taken by the Messrs. Ford and Filene is highly laudable, but can European wages be Americanized?

THE FIRST question that arises is: Can we really pay the wages that are wanted? We cannot. Wages oscillate between certain limits that are fixed by external conditions. The minimum wage is determined by the physiological minimum below which the wage-earner cannot maintain life. The maximum limit is fixed by the 'customary' profit in a given line; in other words, if wages rose above this limit, profit would fall so low that the business could not keep its head above water.

It is between these two limits that workers' and employers' organizations can, through the forces at their command, cause salaries to fluctuate. For years now the Socialist Press has been describing American employers—or, at any rate, the more advanced ones—as models for Old World employers to follow. And the latter, in their turn, recommend that their European workers become inspired with the spirit of conciliation that exists among so many of their American colleagues.

But, up to the present time, neither of these recommendations has won much success in Europe, as the recent lockout in the British textile industry proves. The reason, of course, why so many things that are possible in America cannot be realized in Europe is that conditions exist in America for which we search vainly in our own country. These special conditions, so propitious to American economic success, are due to the superiority of certain American industries in world competition.

Let us imagine, for instance, several enterprises competing for world trade. One of them, powerfully equipped and producing as much as all its competitors put together, can operate at a much lower net cost than the others. A raise in wages makes hardly any difference to the directing genius of this gigantic enterprise, whereas the same raise might well ruin the smaller manufacturers, who are forced to meet the competition of their powerful rival.

In certain cases, personal avidity, the desire for lucre, and the need for luxury may play a part. But there is one necessity much stronger than any of these and more important than all the rest: if an enterprise

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does not show enough profit to pay for increased production and improved equipment at the same rate that all its competitors are expanding and improving, then that enterprise will fail. Such is the position of many European industries as opposed to those of America, and Ford alone produces seven or eight times as many automobiles as France and Germany put together. European industrialists find themselves, therefore, in the same relation to their Yankee colleagues as little storekeepers who are crushed out by the competition of an irresistible giant. They resemble the little shoemaker who takes a year to make as many shoes as a factory turns out in a week.

But Ford is not the whole of America any more than the little cobbler is the whole of Europe. Just as the general wage level in the United States is lower than the wages Ford pays, so the general wage level in Europe is not fatally reduced to the starvation rates paid by many little concerns that are on the brink of failure. European wages can even increase without lessening our effectiveness in world markets.

Many people believe that the wages paid by Ford represent the general level of American wages. Nothing could be more mistaken. In the American iron industry the average pay is forty dollars a week, but in the textile mills of the South it is only fifteen. As a general rule, wages increase with prosperity.

But the prosperity of an enterprise depends in turn upon the condition of the market as a whole and upon the equipment and organization of the particular enterprise. Thus we find high wages in industries that enjoy some kind of monopoly—technical or otherwise—as is the case with Ford. If Ford applies in our country the same methods he has employed in America and if he succeeds in giving his European factories the same superiority over their competitors in the same country that they enjoy in America, then he will be able to pay high wages in Europe, too. But if, on the other hand, his competitors catch up with him or get ahead of him, his margin of profit will shrink as his monopoly shrinks and high wages will no longer be paid—at least not in his factories.

But do not high wages stimulate business by giving the population an increased buying power and thus increasing the number of purchases it makes? This view is widely held nowadays, but it represents an old and grotesque error. High wages are not the cause of prosperity—they are the result. In order for employers to pay higher wages, they must first uncover new markets and then the workers themselves must be scanty enough to oblige their employers to raise their wages. High wages can only consolidate and accentuate a prosperity that existed before they were paid and that is independent of them.

The history of American wages proves this very thing. Ford, for instance, did not pay high wages in order to find a clientele, but he was able to pay high wages after he had found that a clientele existed.

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CONSIDER the situation in America after the War broke out. Europe was so occupied in the task of self-destruction that she could not supply her oversea markets. Thus American industry found itself presented with an enormous outlet for its goods. And to these markets that Europe had abandoned Europe herself was added, for her industries were working so hard producing War goods that they could not supply all the other things needed.

American industry seized the opportunity, but it was short of labor. From 1910 to 1914 the United States had absorbed about a million immigrants a year. The War then stopped this flood at just the moment when Yankee industry needed workers as it had never needed them before. The number of immigrants fell from 327,000 in 1915 to 299,000 in 1916, to 295,000 in 1917, and to 111,000 in 1918, and rose to only 141,000 in 1919. Then, on top of this, consider the great number of men who were later mobilized to fight and high American wages are no longer a secret.

If high wages make such an excellent market, why are Americans now searching for new markets in all parts of the world? And are Europeans really so short-sighted or so obstinate that they have refused to apply methods that would automatically create markets and produce the most durable kind of prosperity imaginable? To accept the theory that high salaries alone create markets and produce prosperity is to accuse Europeans of being incurable imbeciles. We do not believe that they are.

FOR A LONG time Americans have been complaining about the 'social dumping' that Europe has been practising at their expense. This means that Europe has been taking advantage of the lower prices that its lower wage level makes possible. Of course the wage level in Europe is below the American level, although we tend to exaggerate this difference. We have also explained why the total profits earned by European industry prevent us from following Henry Ford's example.

But it is the 'social dumping' on the part of Europe that has provided the chief excuse for the current discussions in Washington concerning a still higher protective tariff. Mr. Hawley, one of its advocates, makes this point unceasingly. America wants to close her frontiers to our products in order to protect herself from the treacherous competition of lower wages, and Germany is preoccupied by similar considerations in her treatment of imports of coal from Poland.

The Americans are therefore putting Europe in this position—either she must stop her 'social dumping' or they will vote for a prohibitive tariff. To extend her own markets, America must weaken her competitors by raising their net costs. Mr. Ford's efforts coincide strangely with the affirmations of Mr. Hawley. Is this coincidence something more than mere chance?

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JULY–1914

IN REPLY TO EMIL LUDWIG

Austria's Foreign Minister Denies He Caused the War

By Count Leopold Berchtold

Translated from *Pester Lloyd,* Budapest German-Language Daily

IN A STYLE as compelling as any movie and with brilliant, up-to-date language, Emil Ludwig describes, in his latest book, entitled *July 1914,* the shifting, hurried events of that portentously overcast period. The wheel of world history turns irresistibly, fulfilling the destinies of those whom the eternal Fates have allowed to play decisive rôles, and the younger generation is now in a position to observe more vividly the unalloyed tragedy of a generation hurled from the pinnacle of administrative command. In this book the merciless author has taken it upon himself to put on trial, not only certain defenseless, ruined individuals deprived now of their moral rights and broken in soul, but also the whole social caste to which they belonged. One cannot but regret that Ludwig, in pursuing this task, employs a rapid-fire, romantic, fantastic method of presentation rather than the serious, penetrating technique of historical research. Thus, although the book may be accorded merit in the field of belles-lettres, it hardly deserves to be considered of historic value.

As one of the involuntary participants in the crucial decisions of that period, I may be permitted to point out a few instances of how super-

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ficially the author employs the material that purports to provide the basis for his premature conclusions and arrogant judgments.

Even the frontispiece represents a falsification of history, perhaps unintentional. On the cover of the book is a photograph of me taken in my youth, a photograph that bears no resemblance to the way I looked in July, 1914. I am then introduced to the reading public by a gross distortion of fact. The first time I am mentioned in the text it is said that I was 'pleasurably affected' by the Serajevo incident. Anyone who had occasion to see me and talk with me at that period can assert that this remarkably audacious statement is diametrically opposed to the truth. During my ministerial activity the Archduke constantly displayed friendly good will and cordial feelings toward me. He discussed with me, fully and confidentially, all questions of the day and unhesitatingly allowed the discussion of matters in regard to which our points of view conflicted, without any shadow ever crossing our relationship. Furthermore, we were brought even closer by our similar tastes in private life, such as the supervision of memorials, gardening, and collecting antiques. I honestly assert that the hours spent with Franz Ferdinand were among the most enjoyable permitted me during the difficult, trying period of my administration on the Ballhausplatz. For this reason, therefore, the tidings of his tragic death made an ineffaceable impression upon me.

Close on the heels of this choice bit of historical misrepresentation another flagrant error occurs. It is stated that Count Forgách, 'Under Secretary of State to his friend, and at the same time special secret envoy from Hungary to Count Berchtold,' had for three years continually terrorized me. The fact is that the gentleman in question had at that time been serving as Chief of Section for less than a year and before that had been envoy to Dresden. I enjoyed only a superficial acquaintance with him and he did not 'continually terrorize the quickly wearied Minister.' On the contrary, Count Forgách invariably set forth his proposals objectively, *sine ira*, and our discussions, especially those concerning the thorny question of our Eastern policies, were guided on both sides purely by impersonal considerations.

The chronicler of the July days of 1914 also misrepresents the true situation when he presumes to explain why Count Tisza changed his attitude toward Serbia. Tisza himself, in spite of temporary differences of opinion, was never my enemy, as Ludwig asserts he was, and he explained his attitude to me at that critical juncture with his usual candor and precision. This attitude may be summed up briefly as follows: the conduct of Serbia, of her government, of her Press, and especially of her representatives in other countries had all convinced him that it would be impossible to achieve amicable intercourse by peaceful means, and that only energetic measures could ward off the acute dangers that menaced our own monarchy from the southeast.

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It is entirely false to claim, as this book does, that 'the ancient, golden word, prestige,' furnished the basis for our attitude. Count Tisza and I were not motivated in determining our policies by any desire for prestige. Rather were we convinced that the vital nerves of the monarchy were being constricted by terroristic Serbian propaganda and that we should be irrevocably lost unless we could compel Serbia to cease her sinister work of disintegration, not only by verbal means, as we had done in 1909, but by direct action as well.

IN THESE and similar ways the work that lies before me repeatedly violates historic truth and it is impossible to go into all the misstatements at this time. I shall mention only one more of the most inexcusable errors. In our declaration of war to Serbia we cited a report which had just reached us to the effect that Serbian divisions had fired upon our troops. Subsequently this report was found to be unconfirmed and the passage relating to it had to be struck out of the final declaration. From this fact Emil Ludwig concludes that the affair was a fine-spun scheme to 'lure the hesitating Emperor into signing the declaration of war.' I have repeatedly had occasion to refer in writing to the frailty of this bit of legend. At the last audience that was granted me with the Emperor I had received full authorization to take the ultimate steps that the unsatisfactory nature of the Serbian reply made necessary. So when an official report was received from the Fourth Corps Command regarding the aggressive actions of Serbian troops I felt obliged to take the matter under formal consideration. But the interpretation that 'this situation was concocted as a bait for His Majesty's signature' would, in any case, appear to be without adequate foundation, for the simple reason that there was no opportunity for any such pressure to be exerted on the Emperor. If Emil Ludwig's assumption were correct, it is evident that I would not have been able to remain in office after the elimination of the dubious passage from the declaration of war. In spite of his great age the Emperor was well informed and in full possession of his senses and his capacity for judgment was unimpaired.

From this small harvest of inaccuracies it is not hard to perceive that it was not the intention of the writer to deliver himself of an historically impeccable work, but that he aimed at a sort of sensational novel which would sketch, in plastic, brilliantly iridescent pictures devoid of internal logic, the dramatic appearance of certain statesmen who happened to be in prominent positions in July, 1914. They are represented as Ludwig, who did not witness their actions, conceives of them as he sits in his study intent on his work of political advertising. Readers who like contemporary detective literature will doubtless be pleased by his method. But those who wish to fathom the depths of historical truth will profit by leaving the book strictly alone.

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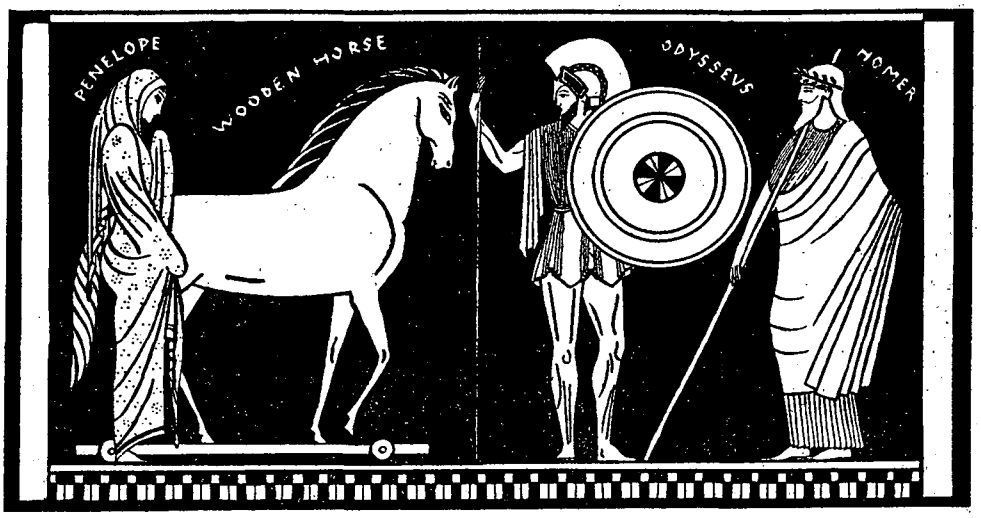

A VISIT TO ITHACA

The Land Where Homer Lives Again

By Franz Spunda

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse,* Viennese Daily

LEUKAS is like the Iliad; Ithaca like the Odyssey. Leukas is full of sharp, mountainous ridges, while here in Ithaca the lovely hills and silvery bays are gently rounded, for all their classic strength. Seen from a distance, this island of curving bays that glow red in the sunshine looks no different from any other southern island, but its immortal name sets it apart from all the rest. As our ship comes closer, the country stands out more clearly, sweet perfumes overwhelm us, and, as we lazily drift into the wide harbor, the struggles of daily life are forgotten and all its corruptions seem left behind. An arrival in Ithaca is like a return to our youth, to the time when we used to play at being Greeks and Trojans, when one of us took the part of Hector and another the part of Ulysses.

The town of Ithaca, which up till lately has been known as Vathy, is set on the bay that Homer referred to as Phorkios. It is a collection of brightly painted houses with gardens and hedges growing obligingly between each little domain. Everything is up to date and no antique relics can be found. In another respect Homer's description does not coincide with reality, for the grotto of the nymphs in which Odysseus stowed away the gifts of the Phæacians is lacking. The visitor who wants

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to find this Homeric site must travel southward for an hour and he will discover a cave that opens into the bottom of a hill known as Hagios Georgios.

But it is much more pleasant to range through the outlying districts of the little town. A well-paved road leads westward to the bay through gardens and olive groves. The higher I climb, the more beautiful the view becomes. Above me a windmill is grinding and a miller's donkey is bearing away dusty sacks of meal. In this part of the world pigs are fattened on bran, a load of which is being carried on the back of an inquisitive billy goat, accompanied by the screaming children of the miller. The sails of the mill are patched with bright colors and they flap in the air like the wings of a dragon, while the millstone creaks and groans. Beside the road, lofty locust trees surround the remains of the Venetian castle which used to dominate the entrance to the harbor. Locust buds are ankle deep on the ground and a heavy, sweet smell arises from them. Bright red insects are buzzing in the tumble-down houses.

IN FRONT of me, to the north, rises the massive island that Homer called Neritas and that is now known as Anogt. The air is heavy with an approaching storm and the sails of the near-by windmill whirl around like giddy bats. Gusts of wind whistle through the ancient trees and remains of locust buds descend about me. The miller unfastens the sails of his windmill from the poles and shouts to me, 'A storm is coming.'

His invitation is welcome and I enter his house and sit down on a bench. His family has its hands full trying to chase a swarm of squealing pigs into their sty. At least a dozen young pigs rush wildly into the room where we are sitting and leap on top of the bed and over the chairs. Lightning is already flashing and the room quakes from the effects of the storm. Suddenly the miller rushes through the room. 'A pig has escaped,' he shouts and darts away grumbling. An oil lamp is lit in front of the icon in the corner to protect the house from bolts of lightning. I discover that my host knows little of Homer or the Odyssey. 'That is only for lazy people. If a man has six children to look out for, he has not much time for anything else. When I have time to read, I borrow books from the schoolmaster.' I ask him what his favorite books are. '*The Count of Monte Christo* and *The Jew of Paris*.' He does not understand everything in them, but they are exciting and he enjoys them. Meanwhile, his children are making so much noise chasing the little pigs that I can hardly hear him.

The storm finally passes and the air grows cooler, and I set forth on my return to the town as evening descends, with slate-gray clouds above me. In the hotel great doings are afoot. A music teacher who is spending the summer here has set up a school and naturally I must hear his pupils

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perform. Some fifty people are in the room and a girl is singing Shubert's 'Winterreise.' An amateur orchestra plays one of Rossini's overtures. It is not the first time that I observe how unmusical the Greeks are. The only time that divine fire seems to consume them is when they sing monotonous dirges, which are more Slavic than Greek. Such outbursts sound like a kind of protest against their destiny, a lament for all that they have lost and for the fact that they are quite alone, shut off from the culture of Western Europe. It is the complaint of a nation that has brought forth a Homer and a Plato, but that now reads Dumas and plays Rossini without even being able to understand them. It is the lament of a lost soul that cannot find its way back to the true Ithaca. Never have I been so vividly aware of the tragedy of modern Greece.

THE next morning my landlord gives me a guide, for it is not safe to wander alone through the island on account of the lack of water. The goal of all visitors to Ithaca is the site of the Homeric town in the northern part of the isle near the village of Stavros. As on all the Ionic islands, the roads here have been excellent ever since the English took control, but there are only two automobiles. The landlord rented the smaller of these two machines and I set forth early the next morning with Gerasimos, my guide. We went past the old mill, where the miller winked at me in a friendly fashion, and made our way on past the bay of Dexia.

Stavros has a new, clean hotel owned by an Austrian lady who bought it last autumn. 'Do many foreigners come here?' I ask her.

'Not many,' she replies. 'Only people who are really interested in Ithaca and in Homer. Archæologists from all over the world come here, but they all speak terrible Greek. Naturally they know nothing of modern Greek pronunciation.'

Later in the day my guide and I go for a walk and find ourselves standing in the shadow of an ivy-covered cliff. 'That is the Melanhydros (black water) Spring, the well that served the whole village in Homer's time,' he tells me. It is a deep gully of roughly hewn stone. The water pours into a bucket and is lukewarm and smells of ochre. Could this little stream have served a whole village, or does the spring flow less freely now that there are fewer trees on the island?

I walk on some paces further alone and come upon the 'School of Homer.' A broad terrace rises like a pinnacle into the blue sky. From here one can see all the way to rocky Leukas, which glows like red-hot iron. The whole scene is as fresh as it must look to the eye of a forest deer. Forget Homer. There is something even greater than Homer here. The whole world seems to be singing as it must have sung before man was created, a simple island song in which the melody of sea and earth is blended.

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I am in Elysian solitude, but, as my gaze wanders into the tangle of long willow branches, it is suddenly arrested by a little shape in the thicket. Gerasimos is waiting there to show me the Homeric relics. The sanctuary, consecrated to the great Athanasios, is made of enormous rough stone blocks. The masonry is the same as in Mycenæ, except that it is fresher, and more bright.

An ancient path of hewn stone leads from the sanctuary down to a lower terrace, whose smooth walls and niches clearly indicate that it was the centre of some ancient cult. Enormous rocks support the roof of this second sanctuary.

'Homer!' I cry the name aloud, for it is indeed he, more alive than in his words, which sing the same song that the trees and the sea sing.

SUNLIT silence surrounds me. Gerasimos is sleeping and I, too, sink to the ground. Beneath me a heart like my own is beating, the heart of the island which existed before man was created and which will outlive us all. The air sizzles and a heavy, oppressive heat arises from the broom and brambles.

My companion wakes and complains of hunger. He then shows me a few grave stones overgrown with vegetation and a dried-up spring which perhaps was also a grave and not a spring at all, for it is shaped like a beehive, as the graves in Mycenæ are. Possibly at some later date it was changed into a spring, as if death had suddenly come to life in it.

Gerasimos now leads me across a meadow where young goats are grazing to a farmhouse where relations of his dwell. He explains to me that Penelope's house stood here. Three different harbors are visible from this spot: those of Polis and Phrikes, and, to the north, the Bay of Aphales, which corresponds to Homer's Bay of Rheiton. On one side of this bay rises the little wind-swept village of Exogi, planted about with tall cypresses. Penelope's successor serves us coffee, but, since she has no food to offer, we must return to Stavros, where we are long overdue at our hotel. The local schoolmaster greets me cordially.

During my meal I describe Corfu. 'Is it true,' I am asked, 'that the Achilleion is being changed into a gambling casino? If such a casino is being built, will it attract foreigners to the island of Ithaca, and if they come here can we look forward to seeing a big modern hotel built in Stavros?'

'God forfend!' I reply. 'Many people, of course, would come here, but the charm of the island would inevitably suffer.'

In the afternoon I wander through the holy groves without a guide. The views become more and more beautiful as the sunlight keeps changing in color and intensity. No actual Homer relics are to be seen, yet the spirit of Homer lives in every breath of wind, every stone, and every tree.

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Anyone who comes to Ithaca in search of Homeric remains on the scale of those to be seen in Mycenæ or in Leukas will be disappointed. Yet there are big structures here that date back to the period when the Cyclopean walls of Argolis were built. On Mount Ætos lie gigantic ruins known as the Kastro tu Odysseos, the castle of Odysseus. A century ago archæologists believed this was Homer's city, but competent experts now recognize in these remains the ancient fortress of Alalcomenæ, which dates back only to the sixth century. Yet the atmosphere of Homer pervades everything and is well worth breathing.

THOUGH the southern part of the island contains no relics of ancient times, anyone who enjoys Homeric landscapes will find his loveliest dreams come true. Every year hundreds of Homer enthusiasts come to Stavros in the north, but few of them venture south. For that reason, Gerasimos does not find it hard to persuade me to go. Providing ourselves with food and bulky water flasks, we set out on a lovely stretch of road. Soon, however, this thoroughfare is lost in a mass of underbrush and presently we are met by a sharp smell of burning brush. Clouds of smoke envelop us and flames are licking up the mountain side.

'The brush is burning; the Zupani have done it,' says my companion, as we discern a number of half-naked peasants waving firebrands. They are Slavic servants of some Greek employer, and, in order to have good grazing land in the spring, they singe the dry meadow during the summer. This is against the law, but there is no way of preventing it. A sudden gust of wind blows the smoke our way and our eyes smart and the tears stream from them. When we are again able to see, we imagine that we are beholding a mirage. A bay of bright green lies before us, extending far into the distance. Its entrance is guarded by a little island overgrown with green olive trees. Beyond it in the silvery sea innumerable other islands are set like floating, phantom clouds.

A steep path leads us to a point high above the sea. Overhead are steep cliffs of limestone with occasional crevasses in them. Suddenly we notice a white block of stone jutting out from the rest and my guide shouts, 'That is Korax, the place of execution.' It is over three hundred feet high and as sheer as if it had been cut with a knife. Above is a stratum of ochre-colored rock that loses itself finally in a mass of boulders overgrown with lichen. The air is moist here with the smell of muddy water. Early in the year a cataract flows down this watershed, but now there is not a drop to be seen. Where is the Homeric spring that once was here? A cistern is all that remains, and a peasant is sitting over it, patching his shoe. As he sees us coming, he walks forward to meet us and cries out to my guide, 'Is he English? Has he any money?' I reply with a laugh that I must answer no to both questions, but that he can have some cigarettes.

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FIRST of all, we refresh ourselves with water which does not taste as if it came from any Homeric spring. It has an ochre flavor and is rather sour and lukewarm. The peasant pays but slight attention to his herd as he asks me what I think the prospects for tourist travel are. He knows that foreigners demand that he strike a Homeric pose and he is clever enough to stand for hours by this dirty pool because Homer once mentioned it. 'Everything is not in books, yet people believe that they are God-knows-how educated because they have read books. But what has all this got to do with Homer?'

He is right. He has no need of Homer, for whoever lives like Homer feels that this condition of life is as natural to him as our modern needs are to us. Poetry is always an overflow of some higher emotion. For us it is this emotion of Homer's, and for the shepherd perhaps it is a factory. Our yearning for naïveté is an acknowledgment of our guilt: we have had too much to do with machines. We should like to be shepherds again, tending flocks, yet we cannot. That is why Greece is a sort of lost Paradise—that is why its landscape fills us with sorrow.

The herd of goats approaches with its bells tinkling. At its head is a dirty billy goat with an evil gleam in his eye, like Satan come to life. One whistle from the shepherd and the whole herd rushes out of the bushes from every side. In the twinkling of an eye they have gathered at the cistern and the shepherd throws a few handfuls of salt in it while the animals drink as if they would never be satisfied. The shepherd cuts two long sticks and gives me one and the guide the other. 'Help me drive home the herd.' Is he trying to make us play at being Homeric shepherds, or is it real? Anyway, I enjoy it. I walk slightly behind while the other two walk ahead to my right and left. Any goat that refuses to go receives a blow, but it has to be cleverly administered. Too weak a blow makes no effect, and, if you hit a goat too hard, he gives a great leap and the others follow suit.

When we come to the burning meadow, the goats stop. We make our way around it through a piece of low ground that has already been burned, and presently arrive at the fold. Only the she-goats are driven in; the males remain outside. Our shepherd milks one of the females and we drink the lavender-tasting milk and munch the bread that he gives us. He then takes us into his little hut, where he shows me a number of postcards from Manchester, Brighton, and Copenhagen. They are cards that visitors have sent him, visitors who remember him when they return home. His latest card, which came from Cleveland, I translate for him, and he is obviously pleased that someone in America thought of him.

The sun is sinking and the little goats are cuddling up to their mothers and going to sleep. The males are lazily sharpening their horns on the bars of the fold. As we make our way home through the twilight,

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we pass the encampment of the Zupani, who look scarcely human in their dirty sheepskin garments. They are Montenegrins and smoke little clay pipes.

Below us the lights of the town are glittering. In front of a house, two girls sit singing the sad song of Dimitri, a soldier who died in Asia Minor. Their voices are faint and tremulous, but their song contains everything from Homer until to-day. And the memory of it brings all of Ithaca back to me again, a lost and lazy Paradise, an island of eternal homesickness.

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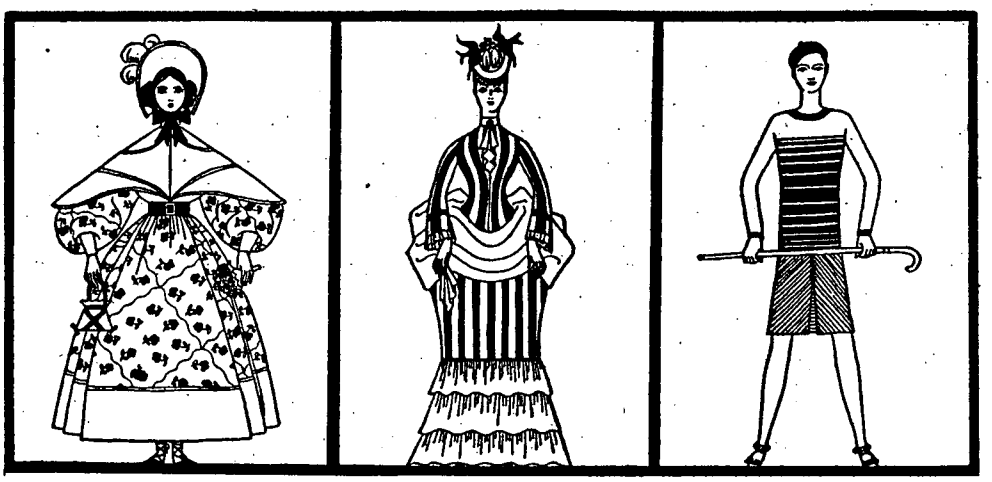

FEMININE TWILIGHT

A Frenchman Discusses the Modern Woman

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Daily

AT THE SEASHORE and in the mountains, on trains and in Paris, one is struck by the tendency of modern women to deviate from the standard recognized as feminine for centuries and to grow more virile instead. We men did not demand such homage, but we are flattered, none the less. Ever since the close of the pagan period we have become accustomed to passing as the ugly sex, whose rôle was to address adulations to our ladies. Hence the great surprise and slightly tickled vanity that agitates us to-day. The *nouveau riche* is a familiar figure, but since the War we men have become the *nouveaux beaux*. There is something mildly intoxicating about it.

This resemblance between men and women is obviously more evident during summer, for in winter the cold weather forces women to preserve a certain amount of feminine coquetry. But, alas, it seems that furs are to be the only connecting link between the woman of yesterday and the woman of to-day. For not only have bobbed hair, short skirts, skill at games, and a passion for smoking transformed our lady friends; but a whole body of customs, ideas, and manners is creating a deep fissure between the past and the present.

Obviously, the romantic lady of the 1830's, who had the vapors, who fainted at the mention of certain words, and who mixed God with her

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love affairs, bears no resemblance to the light, airy, already athletic lady of the Second Empire, who loved laughter and pleasure. Yet even these differences were more superficial than profound. The two types of woman had much in common. First of all, their mystery; and, secondly, a way of acting with men that gave the appearance of remoteness but that actually made them seem very close. How different things are to-day! As women have become more involved in men's daily lives, they have also become more indifferent to masculine attentions, and their morality has come to differ more from the masculine, as their real solitude, which, after all, is an interior affair, increases.

THE MYSTERY that once surrounded woman was significant in itself. By half concealing her figure with certain skillful tricks in a labyrinth of buttons, whalebones, hooks, flounces, and lace, by hiding her legs and showing her back and arms only in heroic circumstances, by conceiving a thousand decorative devices of preserving and presenting her crowning glory, which our ancestors, the Gauls, believed to be the symbol of liberty, woman pretended to live in a universe of her own, whose key she did not hand over to everybody. She had her modesty and her dissimulations. She was like a juggler who does not want to reveal how he performs his tricks. Thus, her power was based chiefly on what she concealed. She stimulated the imagination, but refused to allow one to divine what her figure looked like. She wished to give the appearance of existing only in order to be conquered. In those days, feminine activity in a love affair was to launch an unexpected and magnificent assault, a charge in which she swept all before her. To-day, on the other hand, it is trench warfare in which the masculine adversary sees so much that he finally does not care profoundly whether or not he carries the day, particularly if it involves any trouble on his part.

Look at any modern woman in the company of men. She is not surrounded by them; she pursues and escorts them. I need only refer to the comic, shapeless figures of the girls who crouch on the saddles of motorcycles with their knees raised, their eyes half-hidden by goggles, their faces vacant as they cling to the backs of their masculine companions. Everywhere man has resumed the place that he took in Oriental civilizations—that is to say, the leading rôle. But, even in those civilizations, woman ruled from the harem, and she often held in her hand strings that would strangle any of the sultan's sons, which, after all, was quite an achievement and high flattery to one's self-esteem. Now, however, we find nothing like that. In our Western civilization woman has become a kind of supernumerary man.

I implore you not to mistake me for a fanatic worshiper of the past or for an enemy of my own time. I contemplate it and it amuses me. I do not complain at being where I am. I would not change my soft

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collar and waistcoat for the cuirass and helmet of a Crusader or for the plaited ruff of a subject of the Valois. I admit, of course, that I sometimes regret not having been able to hear Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Sir Walter Raleigh converse in the Mermaid Tavern in 1600 and that I would like to have visited Goethe at Weimar or my great friend, Jean Paul Richter, in Bayreuth. But I have seen too many interesting things and met too many exquisite people to show ingratitude toward my own period. I like it and I do not renounce it, but that is no reason for failing to observe what is happening and for not making comparisons with the past, for refusing to pass judgment even if one's reason makes that judgment critical. In short, I confess that if Woman with a capital W were to come to this modest moralist at his humble desk and ask his advice, I should not recommend that she become a supernumerary man.

The crisis has been brewing for a number of years. One could feel it coming at the opening of the twentieth century, but it was the War that unleashed it. With her marvelous flair for invisible things, woman discovered in 1915, when the War had lost its temporary aspect, that her great rôle in relation to man was over. She had become a mere extra. Her old companion in strife and love no longer kept his eyes fixed upon her. He was returning to virile friendships and to the rude good-fellowship of army life. At once she too transformed herself. The first combatants on leave, who had perhaps been dreaming in their shell holes of a tender meeting with some romantic friend, found instead a new comrade with short skirts, as courageous and loyal as themselves, smoking as they did, speaking as they did, a person whom one treated as an equal, and whom one permitted to enjoy the liberties which she had won at so high a price. There were many other things to think about and to discuss at that time, and, when peace came, with its immense need for distraction and pleasure, both parties adjusted themselves to the new state of affairs.

But have women truly attained the end for which they were secretly striving? I wonder. I know, of course, that many of them will reply to me, 'We have won more than we have lost from this new game.' So they will speak, but will they really believe, in the bottom of their hearts, what they are saying? Let them justify themselves as much as they please, their real desire is to be loved as they were loved when they wore long hair—loved as they were loved in the thirteenth century, or in the time of Henri IV, or in the eighteenth century, or as they were loved in the 1880's, but as they are no longer loved to-day.

One must read the works of our young novelists, the books of Philippe Soupault, of René Crevel, of Blaise Cendrars, of Ribemont-Dessaigne, of Julien Green and a score of others, to say nothing of Paul Morand, in order to discover how women are treated now. One swallow does not make a summer, but here is a flock of swallows, fluttering about

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the birth of Venus, but not wanting to stay any great length of time. And the only real love stories to-day are written by women.

Notice, too, how feminine influence has dwindled in Paris society. During the early years of the Third Republic, when the usages of the Second Empire were still respected, numerous Egerias ruled over certain celebrated statesmen and writers, certain groups and parties. Now, however, one searches vainly in the background of any distinguished man's life to discover one fixed star. Names change and faces merge—there is no lasting influence, only the eternal image of the girl on the back of the motorcycle. Who is it? It makes no difference. The helmet, the goggles, the style are always the same. Only the name changes, and perhaps the soul.

The joyous company of painters have done their part, too. What they now call a feminine face is a strange compromise between a field of carrots and a skinned rabbit. The feminine figure Villon describes:—

> Corps féminin, qui tant es tendre,
> Poli, souëf et précieux,

what has happened to it? I know painters of great talent who, having arrived at maturity, deplore the fact that they have sought character only in ugliness, which was evidently the easiest possible way of doing it. Style has more chance of being successful in caricature than in depicting an insipid beauty. But, if I allude to contemporary art, I merely do so because it is one of many signs that a new state of affairs exists and it is a sign which, I believe, has impressed all observers.

Will this feminine twilight last indefinitely, or is it merely a passing phase? Who can tell? Under the Directory we witnessed the counterpart of many modern moral phenomena, but the Directory did not prevent a bourgeois society from forming in 1830. But in those days there were no sports, and sport is one of the fundamental elements in our present transformation. In America, however, where the two sexes share this athletic life, woman wields an almost absolute power and enjoys much the same kind of rule that she did when the Courts of Love were held.

But human nature is infinite. From these new relationships, from this new morality, who knows whether or not new sentiments, still unformed and still invisible, will be born? Who can tell whether or not some unknown element of beauty and of pathos will develop? Perhaps the day will come when these two ancient rivals will stretch out their hands loyally to one another and woman may not be obliged to revive the cult of mystery in order to seduce man, while man will not be obliged to treat woman as a sublime and secret idol whom one adores but whom one also heaps with insults if she shows any desire to descend from her throne or if she becomes a vague companion who hops on the back of one's motorcycle. That day, however, is perhaps even more remote than the United States of Europe.

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LONDON EMBARKS FOR CYTHEREA

By Georg Popoff

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

IT HAPPENED SHORTLY before the Royal Garden Party and it must be reported before the current season has definitely closed. Near Charing Cross Pier, not far from Trafalgar Square and the Hotel Savoy, an old sailing vessel had been lying in the Thames for months—a bark with several masts and old-fashioned rigging. Inside this great vessel is a large room that is used from time to time for exhibitions of ship models and similar maritime affairs. But finally some ingenious person conceived the idea of giving a party in this old frigate, a masked ball with eighteenth-century costumes, an expedition to Cytherea.

'Mr. —— is invited on Friday, the such-and-such, at eleven o'clock in the evening to embark on an expedition to the island of Cytherea. The sailing vessel in which this voyage is to be made is moored at Charing Cross Pier in London. The costume should be in the Watteau style and admittance can only be secured by presenting this card.' So read the invitation. On the back of the card a well known picture by Watteau was reproduced and there was also a written description for the benefit of the invited guests. Everything was complete down to the finest detail, except for one essential—the name of the host. There might, however, have been several reasons for this anonymous invitation. For one thing, it would prevent invited guests from asking, as they so often do in London, if they might bring a few friends, and, in the second place, it made the whole affair more interesting, more original, and more mysterious. Isn't a voyage to Cytherea more beautiful if one is being led by a secret, invisible hand?

Like all the doings of London's bright young set, this latest outburst was greeted by a chorus of newspaper publicity. 'On Friday an anonymous party is being held on the bark at Charing Cross Pier. It is an expedition to the island of Cytherea. Who is giving it? What is going to happen? It is a secret, a mystery, a puzzle.' The result was that at eleven o'clock in the evening on the appointed day thousands of curiosity seekers were swarming about Charing Cross Pier where a little bridge leads from the wharf to the floating dance establishment.

One automobile after another arrives with its burden of guests, nearly all of whom wear the eighteenth-century costumes. There are powdered lords and ladies, Pierrots and Columbines, lute players,

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clowns, and similar Watteau types. All of smart, pleasure-seeking London is here, but it has to run the gantlet, for the mob greets every pair climbing out of an automobile with loud shouts and friendly cries, varied by occasional bits of unsavory criticism. But the English way of coping with such unpleasant encounters is to act as if you hear nothing, and the first phase of the expedition to Cytherea passes off without any serious trouble.

FINALLY we are on board. A steep stairway, difficult to descend, leads us inside the ship to a splendidly decorated room full of festoons and Gobelin tapestries, all of them arranged so tastefully and artistically that one might well imagine that some smart West End decorating establishment had lent a hand. At one end of the hall is a modern bar and at the other a modern jazz band. The bar is equipped with a terrific battery of many hundred champagne bottles, and the players in the jazz band are wearing eighteenth-century costumes. At first only a few guests are present and they act stiffly, ceremoniously, talking about the weather, about the heat, and about the season, but showing no interest in who is giving the party. No hosts can yet be seen, though various servants politely ask us to drink champagne, and all the while more guests keep pouring in until soon there are so many that one can hardly move. Lovely Watteau costumes predominate, though some of the company wear ordinary evening dress, while still others have taken the liberty, on account of the great heat, to wear tropical outfits, open about the neck.

This expedition to Cytherea is particularly interesting to an outsider, for, unlike most parties during the London season, there are hardly any foreigners to be seen, and I find myself almost entirely surrounded by Englishmen. Two classes are represented. First, so-called 'Society,' which means Lord and Lady So-and-So, both fundamentally shocked but glad enough to accept this anonymous invitation. Furthermore, their curiosity compells them to observe the new decadence that has fallen on dear old London and to witness all this shamelessness and perhaps, toward morning, when no one is noticing, to take part in it themselves.

The other and altogether predominating group is recruited from Bloomsbury and Chelsea, the so-called London Bohemia. This group consists of a mixture of intellectuals, writers, painters, journalists, musicians, and simple loafers, young and old, men and women. The 'second generation of the circle of Oscar Wilde' is naturally on hand, and a man alleged to be the son of the writer is presented, but this alleged son of the late Wilde is no Dorian Gray, no delicate hothouse plant. He is a stalwart fellow of about forty with an incipient paunch, black eyes, and an air of impeccable respectability.

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SPEAKING of respectability, the party begins to lose this quality more and more as time goes on. There is a widespread and by no means unfounded idea that the English are the stiffest and most correct people in the world. But they have their moments. Even Englishmen are human and their so-called good behavior is only achieved by suppressing some naturalness, as Freud has pointed out in other connections.

In short, there are times when Englishmen are living illustrations of Freudian theories. And so it is here. As morning approaches, suppressed desires are no longer suppressed. The unconscious becomes conscious. The renowned British eccentricity breaks out.

These British ladies and gentlemen, clad in their Watteau costumes, are eventually swarming all over the deck of the ship, which is strewn with pillows, divans, and chaises-longues, and here again one notices that some skilled decorator has been at work exercising both care and taste. Many of the guests who can no longer maintain their British suppressions are seizing champagne bottles and breaking them off at the neck. Others pour champagne from the upper deck on to the heads of the people dancing below. Still others release their superfluous energy in climbing the masts, and, although completely drunk, perform acrobatic feats and even dive into the Thames, returning later to dance, wet and panting. By three o'clock in the morning, confusion reigns and one can hardly believe that these are stiff, correct Britishers.

Meanwhile, the actual expedition to Cytherea has not yet started. The brave British frigate, decorated in the style of Watteau, remains moored to Charing Cross Pier. Perhaps it would have been better not to have called this party an expedition to Cytherea, but rather a fancy-dress ball on the galley of Caligula, for that would not seem to imply any distant horizons but merely drunkenness at anchor. In all probability, however, the decadence of ancient Rome was essentially more lively and amusing than this so-called decadence of the British Empire.

DAWN gradually breaks. Seen from the deck of the boat at such an early hour, the Thames presents a lovely aspect, peaceful and calm. Here and there a few lights are reflected on the smooth surface of the water over which hangs a thin mist, while in the blue distance looms the noble silhouette of Westminster. The party is over. The guests from Bloomsbury and Chelsea are supporting one another home, glad enough not to have actually gone to the island of Cytherea. Their path leads them by Westminster, the mother of parliaments. Big Ben and the other noble towers of this lofty structure, from which so much British common sense, so much British solidarity and character have emanated for centuries, look down uneasily on the jubilant, drunken horde of bright young decadents.

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But Big Ben need not worry. I know a secret which proves that British common sense and British business ability are not in the least threatened by this expedition to Cytherea on the banks of the Thames. Who paid for this anonymous party at which more than five hundred bottles of champagne were drunk and which cost more than five thousand dollars? England is not so decadent that things like this are done for no reason. The party was conceived and paid for by one of the best known firms of interior decorators in London. Pure advertising, all of it.

A PACKET FOR EZRA POUND

AE Reviews W. B. Yeats's Latest Book

By G. W. Russell (AE)

From the *Irish Statesman*, Dublin

FEW POETS have been so bountiful to their biographers as Yeats. The intellectual biographer of the poet will never suffer for lack of matter about which he may speculate. Indeed, to understand the poet in his later phases one must have gone into the psyches' own world, which the ancients fixed between earth and heaven, or have listened to the reveries of the dead, so remote from the normal is his thought; and the effort to interpret is made more difficult because he has invented a symbolism of his own.

One would retreat from the effort but for the atmosphere of beauty which is inseparable from almost every motion of the poet's mind. I read, allured by the cold, lazy dignity of the writing in the poet's latest book, which he calls *A Packet for Ezra Pound.* I call it lazy writing because he tells me little in detail of the circumstance in which were set these psychic experiences. Yet, it may not be laziness at all, but some enchantment upon the intellect when it enters into the dream world, so that it loses the alert waking questioning habit, and it becomes dream-like itself, for in dream we are never inquisitive, we suffer or endure or gaze in joy or terror at the pageant of which we are part. Once we are inquisitive the pageant dissolves and we wake.

A PACKET FOR EZRA POUND. *By William Butler Yeats. Dublin: Cuala Press. 10/6.*

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THE MOST important part of this book is that which the poet has named 'Introduction to the Great Wheel,' and in this he tells how the geometrical philosophy in his book, *The Vision*, came to be written. It is a collaboration between the dreaming consciousness of his wife and his own, with possibly other entities not of this plane of being. The poet speaks of them as if he believed they were external to consciousness, but when we enter into the dream world there is a dramatic sundering of the ego, and while we dream we are persuaded of the existence of many people which, when we wake, we feel were only part of our own protean nature. I do not suggest that these philosophic entities who communicated to the poet and his wife the substance of *The Vision* may be simply some submerged part of the soul, because I am skeptical of the possibility. I merely say that the poet has not given me enough material to decide.

There is a great deal of confusion both in the thought of *The Vision* and in this later 'Introduction,' and the poet is conscious of this. I do not complain about it, for all journeying into hitherto untraveled forests must be confused, and differ from travel upon beaten highroads. We shall probably come to an understanding of these psychic interactions between the consciousness of the poet and his wife, and know whether the beings he speaks of were entities of another sphere, or the emergence into waking consciousness of some hitherto deep hidden portion of their own natures, by study of other books rather than the poet's own narrative.

THERE ARE many subtle minds pursuing truth into the deeps of being, many tentative and confused as Mr. Yeats is, but all contributing something to a psychology which will probably later become more luminous, and may make it easy for us to reach that ancestral wisdom which Keats said was in us all, so that we can drink that old wine of heaven, and come to that wisdom with ease where we now get blinded and lost in the search. I confess, while I find many things exciting in *The Vision*, I should like to rewrite it, leaving out almost all that overprecise movement of his cycles. The virtue of the soul is to be free, and Mr. Yeats's spirits condemn us all to a cyclic progression, which is like the judgment of a mad dictator willing it that men should be imprisoned in one cell after another in a great prison, from which there is no escape—and in the imprisonments there is no justice, only a kind of destiny willed by a divinity as indifferent as that Setebos brooded upon by Caliban.

It is very dangerous to believe that life is becoming mechanized, for that mysterious mind within us may take the hint and dress up a complete philosophy of mechanization for us, and, if we accept it, we weave our own enchantment, build our own prison cell, enter it, lock ourselves

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in, and throw the key out of the window. It is of much more importance to us to have experience than to have philosophies, and those who can tell us how to rise above ourselves into mid-world or heaven world are the only people in whose thought I have any profound interest. Philosophies of the universe are all very well, excellent intellectual exercises. But I know the moment I get out of that rational, everyday mentality which enjoys such exercises, the moment I rise within myself and draw nigh to deep own-being all these philosophies vanish. Plato said, 'If there be any gods they certainly do not philosophize.' This is my growl about *The Vision* and *The Decline of the West*, and *Phase*, and other attempts to show how God geometrizes, though when I cannot have spiritual experience I turn to them and devour their chaff and find it excellent food for the waking consciousness.

I CANNOT really review a book like this unless I write another book twice or thrice its length. I can only talk round and round it, making a springboard from which I might leap into the depths of *The Vision* if I had time, but these creatures the poet speaks of as the 'Frustraters' operate as a host against me, and while I would like to know the core of this philosophy I feel I must wait until I come to that intensity of being which, when we attain it, the sage Patanjali tells us, will enable us to penetrate to the essential essence of anything, and comprehend it fully merely by directing our attention to it. Then I might know in a second what otherwise must take me many years. I will wait for that myriad instant, and be content with my half knowledge of what the poet means.

I think with more delight upon two poems which he has inserted into his *Packet* than upon anything else in the book. It is possible that the poet had to go through all that hard intellectual labor of *The Vision* and his afterstudy of philosophy to write the 'Tower,' in which his verse achieved a new power and dignity. It is possible the Muse will forsake us unless we keep the intellect athletic, and she will reward us even if we forsake her and go mountain climbing if we return to her more athletic than when we left. Yes, I think after every book of poetry the poet should exercise himself in some hard intellectual labor before he begins to supplicate the Muse again. That dweller in the innermost will feel then we approach her with reverence, and will breathe on us the holy breath with a more intense flame than before.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America Colonized by Europe

JEAN GIRAUDOUX, SEVERAL of whose novels have been translated into English, is no stranger to the United States. Disabled in the War, he came to Harvard in 1917 as a military instructor and spent the better part of a year in Boston and its vicinity. His opinions of the United States were therefore gained at first hand and, when he points out that Americans are merely transplanted Europeans, he puts his finger on a fact that is less widely recognized in his own country than on the other side of the Atlantic:—

Why oppose Europe and America? Are not the inhabitants of America Europeans? There is nothing in the way of race, nature, mentality, or morality that distinguishes them from Europeans. They are Europeans who, because of their freedom of movement, and thanks to the richness and newness of their country, have been able to conceive as an easily attainable end what all the statesmen and philosophers of Europe have always considered as ideal.

That is to say, they are a very young European people who have attained the final end that Europe has been striving for, that is to say happiness as evenly distributed as public education is—and with no more restraints. But it is a form of happiness that up to now has lacked the moral and intellectual qualities that Europeans believe to be the image of progress.

It is therefore futile to present this antinomy as a matter of race against race or continent against continent. The truth is that the Americans have given us a model for industrial development and a large conception of public hygiene and they have also given us a high notion of national sovereignty in national affairs. In short, they are what every rich young European people has always been in the course of history—what the Venetians, the Dutch, the Lombards, and the English all were.

Europe Colonized by America

THE COLONIZATION OF EUROPE by America has been variously described and its results have produced various emotions. André Lamande, who edits a review called *L'Européen* which is devoted to promoting a more united Europe, feels that there is something to be said for Americans and does not experience any great alarm at the introduction of American habits into European life. The important thing for Europe to do is to form an economic alliance and then she can easily cope with young America and even learn something from her:—

Above all else I do not take Americans for brutes or fools. It is an honor to do justice to the great qualities of people who, by force of circumstances, have become one's adversaries. The Americans have a wealth of qualities. They are prodigious creators and their souls are not at all mercenary. They are creating and we, who lack youth, are imitating.

That, in fact, is the essence of the conflict between the two continents. They are creating, they are young, they have solid teeth and good appetites. To put it in a nutshell, they are colonizing us.

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A Britisher Writes about Baseball

READERS OF THE *Manchester Guardian* have only themselves to blame if they cannot understand the ins and outs of baseball, for the New York correspondent of that admirable paper has vouchsafed them a full explanation of the game, running for nearly two columns. The general outlines of America's national pastime are probably familiar enough to our readers, even in this stern golfing epoch, but the following description of 'inside baseball' contains several novel touches:—

The opportunity for 'inside baseball' comes when the batsman has struck the ball, but not hard enough for a home run. He has got only as far as the first or second base, and his object in life is to get to the third. He cannot run thence to the home base until the batsman standing there hits the ball; and if this batsman should achieve a home run, the runner (and there may be as many as three of him all at once on the bases) easily reaches the home base and scores. While he is at first, second, or third base waiting his chance, the pitcher endeavors to trap him into running to the next base. A quick throw to the baseman, before the runner reaches him, will then perhaps result in another out. To lead the runner into this manœuvre, the pitcher pretends to have forgotten all about him. He makes as if to throw to the catcher, while the basemen join the conspiracy by moving far from their posts. The runner, of course, knows perfectly well what they are up to, but he hopes he may enter the trap and come out unscathed—and sometimes he does so. All this psychological byplay is what the spectator finds it hard to follow, and is what makes the managerial direction of such importance. What the average inexpert spectator wants is home runs, brief moments of drama where everything is in plain sight. The great heroes of the game are the men who score the highest proportion of home runs to their number of times at bat, and there was a day, not so long ago, when every schoolboy knew the percentage which indicated the standing of the stars.

Englishmen Prefer Germans

MR. A. G. GARDINER, ONE of the better known British publicists, raises the question of whether or not Englishmen prefer Germany to the United States. Here are the circumstances under which the problem came to his attention:—

The attempt to come to a better understanding with the United States, which Mr. MacDonald has 'starred' in his political programme, has given new zest to that perennial topic, 'Why do we dislike Americans?' The question would be more truly stated as 'Do we dislike Americans?' But the positive assumption is more commonly made, as in the incident which started the familiar theme at a luncheon party this week. The occasion of the incident was an athletic gathering at which three of the events were won by Germans.

'See this, Bill?' observed one of the spectators, looking up from his programme. 'Three races running won by blooming Gerries.'

'Well,' remarked Bill complacently, 'it might ha' been worse. They might ha' been won by blooming Yanks.'

'Yes, there is that about it,' said the other, 'that would ha' been worse.'

It was taken for granted that this exchange of views between two typical voices in the crowd meant that, as between Germans and Americans, popular feeling here favored our late enemies as against our late Allies.

But I am not sure that this is the true meaning of the incident. It may have had a sporting rather than a racial significance. It is from America that our indignities in the world of games, in which we used to be supreme, have come, and the fact that Bill and his friend were more content to see the Gerries victorious than they would have been to see the Yanks victorious may only have meant that it was less irksome to receive stripes from an unfamiliar quarter than from a source which was only too familiar.

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A Communist View of the Young Plan

AMERICA, NOT FRANCE, is the real object of Mr. Snowden's attack at the Hague if we are to believe what *L'Humanité* has to say on the subject. Speaking as the official organ of the Communist Party in France, this journal offers the following interpretation of the British Chancellor's tactics:—

> Was the debate at the Hague a match between England and France? Not at all. The dispute is only apparently Anglo-French; it is really Anglo-American. France was the object of Snowden's attacks merely because of the benefits she received under the Young Plan. In reality it was the American rival against whom the English statesman was fighting. It was the Young Plan that he chose as the object of his attack. That plan is of Yankee inspiration. During the long negotiations of the experts, the United States was the one who came out on top. Thanks to the favors of Mr. Young, the Americans succeeded in having the ratification of the debt agreements treated as a separate affair and shattered the British project of lining up Germany against the United States. In having the International Bank created they imposed one of the most cherished ideas of Yankee finance capital. These results, so precious to American imperialism, were what the London Cabinet wished to defeat.

America and Russia Compared

A YOUNG GERMAN JOURNALIST named Valeriu Marcu, author of a highly successful life of Lenin, has written a thoughtful article on the influence of advertising on the European mentality, in the course of which he draws a curious comparison between Russia and the United States. This article, which appears in *Das Tagebuch*, a liberal Berlin weekly, indicates that the influence of Hegel is by no means spent in modern Germany, for this young man faithfully applies the theory that every manifestation contains within itself its own contradiction. In other words, America and Russia, being diametrically opposed, are really two sides of the same coin:—

> Two traditionless powers, Russia and the United States, are marching together and presenting a united front against the time-honored thought of Europe—German classical philosophy, the English schools of materialists and skeptics, and the French schools of Port Royal and the Encyclopædists. For tolerance is a hostile, foreign idea to them. Surviving from the past on the ancient soil of Europe, where it was born out of the Renaissance, Catholicism, Protestantism, revolution, and counter revolution, tolerance has come to enjoy an absolute dominance over European thought.

The underlying similarity, therefore, between Russia and the United States is that both countries oppose tolerance, while the contrast between them is of a different order, though even this contrast indicates a certain resemblance:—

> Just as a coin has two sides, which achieve unity by reason of the fact that they are bound together, so there are two fundamental contrasts to-day that go to make up, between them, the entirety of our time. The first of these is American advertising, the fruit and blossom of a capitalism which no tradition can destroy. Advertising blows on all men like the wailing wind, urging them to buy anything and everything. But advertising is also identical with the fruit and blossom of Russian socialism, which no tradition can destroy, either, for socialism possesses the same manner and the same essence and makes use of the same methods that capitalism employs in American advertising. Of course Americans hawk their wares, but they soak them dripping wet with honey-sweet morality before they offer them for sale. The Russians, on the other hand, cannot display their wares in a splendid setting for the simple reason that they have no wares to sell. The only wares that they offer are morals—but their theoretic opposites, the Americans, are really only selling morals, too.

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WAR AND PEACE

I should unconditionally refuse every direct or indirect war service, and try to induce my friends to adopt the same attitude irrespective of the general opinion on the causes of the war.—*Professor Albert Einstein.*

It is one of the characteristics of this happy-go-lucky time that few people realize the importance for themselves of their interpretation of recent history. Most of them attempt no interpretation. They drift from the last war to the next under the guidance of historical tradition, 'minding their own businesses' until the next big impact smashes them.—*H. G. Wells.*

One truth dominates all history—it is easier to make war than peace. Everything can be made use of in waging war, even the vilest passions of the human soul—hatred, vanity, fear, vengeance, rivalry. To make peace one must possess difficult virtues—wisdom, moderation, justice, foresight.—*Guglielmo Ferrero.*

As, moreover, British statesmen are never tired of declaring that war with the United States is 'unthinkable,' we cannot conceive why the size of the American Navy possesses any interest for them or why Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should deem it necessary to go to Washington to discuss so academic an issue. 'Build what ships you please and leave us to do likewise,' should be our attitude on this question unless both parties wish to borrow trouble.—*Leo J. Maxse, Editor of the 'National Review.'*

I noticed, while serving in China at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, that the American bluejackets and soldiers did not always get on with their British opposite numbers, but that, if foreign troops started a scrap with the English, the Americans always and without fail came to the assistance of our men, and *vice versa.* This, in my opinion, was a straw showing how the wind blows, and if Russia, which now has the biggest numerical army, possesses more aëroplanes, and is making more poison gas than any other nation in the world, should attack England through Palestine, now the aërial centre of the world, the United States would be with us. I am, therefore, against either England or America reducing their naval strength.—*J. B. Paget.*

Trusts, mergers, integral protectionism, and steady armaments on the other side of the Atlantic; cartels, combines, Chinese walls, defensive treaties with adequate armaments on the Continent—these are the positive aspects of 'international coöperation,' the war gods clothed with peace ideals to which our Labor leaders are ready to sacrifice.—*Thomas Greenwood in the 'Empire Review,' London.*

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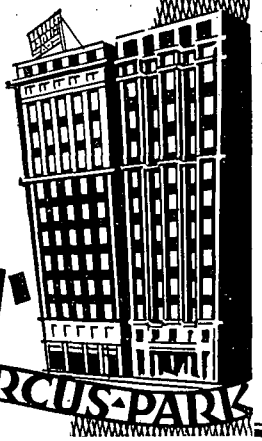

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Views & Reviews

JULI '14: *By Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. 1929. Reichsmark 3.80.*

FROM THE forty days immediately preceding the outbreak of the War, Dr. Ludwig has fashioned an Æschylean tragedy, assigning the declamatory rôles to the statesmen and rulers of July, 1914, and the chorus chants to all the peoples of Europe.

There is much to be said for this novel and vivid treatment of the rather boring *Kriegsschuldfrage*. After all, what matter the ten or fifty years previous to Serajevo beside the fierce actuality of July, '14? Certainly the preponderance of war guilt is to be found here if anywhere; even if some other conspired plan existed, it does not interest us as vitally as the one actually executed. Such must have been Dr. Ludwig's idea when he served up his palatable rehash of the war-guilt question, with the facts sandwiched in between romantic and dramatic material largely supplied by the author. It may all be nothing more than high-power journalism, but after a second reading I must confess that no single document connected with the War has been as lucid and thrilling to me.

If it were not for the tragedy of attendant circumstances, *Juli '14* might be a comedy of errors, for the author has evidently made a particular point of exhibiting every mistake, of fact or tact, every misstep, accidental or intentional, in pathetic yet ludicrous succession. In each instance, the negative hypothesis is left to the reader with full power to judge its consequences. From the first blunders at Serajevo to the Russo-German declaration of war, which might have been averted had the German ambassador stayed in Saint Petersburg twelve hours longer in order to elaborate on his Emperor's personal telegram to the Tsar, *Juli '14* is a history of frightful idiocies; from that last minute on, it becomes a criminal record of horrible lies.

Behind this whole rotten business there is a motive power: an infernal machine manufacturing its poison in the elaborate rococo palaces of Vienna. And its engineer is Count Berchtold, that suave and unconscientious scholar of Metternich. He it was who ordered his minister home from Belgrade immediately after the arrival of the Serbian answer to the Austrian ultimatum which he never even read; he it was who prepared reports and plans, cooked to suit the palate of William II and to dupe Germany into giving him an unconditional proxy in dealing with Serbia and Russia; he it was who, after tricking Germany into declaring war on Russia and France, wanted to remain at peace with those countries, and then join in with them after Austria had finished her *petite guerre* in the Balkans.

But though Dr. Ludwig sees Austria, represented by Berchtold, as the prime instigator of the crime, he does not make out that Germany was an entirely innocent party enticed by the wiles of her partner. He is willing enough to admit Germany's share of the responsibility, which, he claims, consisted mainly in her government's weak attitude toward the Dual Monarchy. Here Bismarck's prophecy is recalled, now vibrating with dramatic fulfillment: 'From the moment in which Vienna is convinced that the bridge between Germany and Russia is broken, Germany will be in danger of becoming, to a certain extent, dependent on Austria and, finally, of risking her blood and goods for the Viennese *Balkanpolitik*.'

But while the majority of stones deservedly can be cast toward Vienna, none of the other capitals is without sin. There were dozens of instances in which the War could have been averted, and upon the active parties in each case rests the responsibility for its spread. All the machinations of Berchtold and Isvolski, of Delcassé and Moltke might have gone for naught had the emperors and presidents who were their superiors been stronger —or, let us say, had they really wanted peace.

It is impossible to take apart here each of the many episodes of *Juli '14;* its material is too compact. Its importance as an historical work rests solely upon the excellence of its style, which alone establishes its value, for many people will gain from it, for the first time, a complete picture of the conditions immediately preceding the War. Incidentally, it may interest American readers to know that the same book which has just run into editions of several hundred thousand

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in Germany, and probably will do likewise in this country, has already appeared serially in the American Press. At the time of Dr. Ludwig's visit to the United States in the spring of 1928, the Hearst papers ran a series of articles that contained nearly all of the material now presented in book form in *Juli '14*.

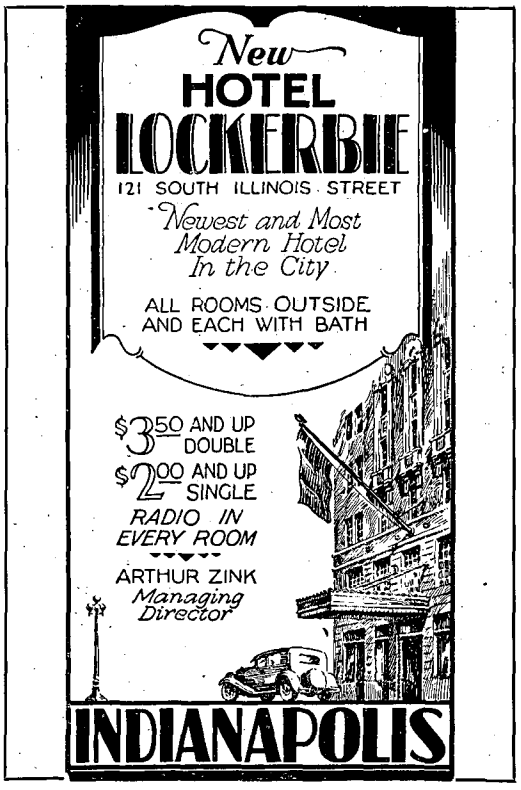
ALFRED M. FRANKFURTER

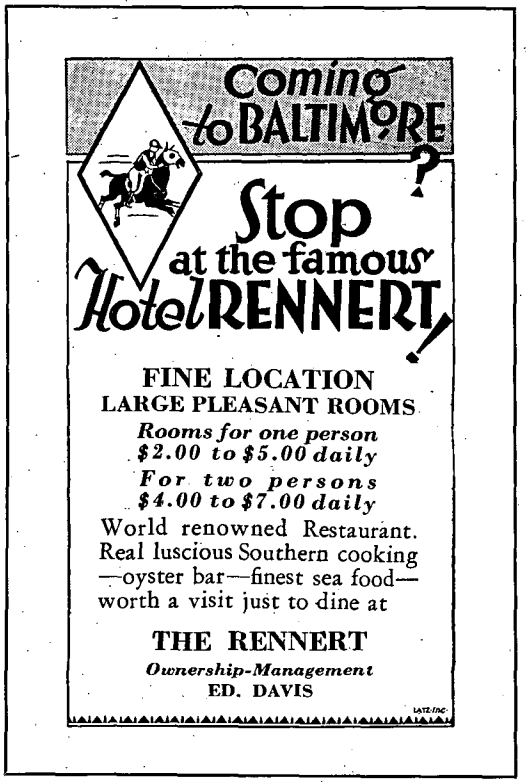
LAST NIGHTS OF PARIS. *By Philippe Soupault. Translated by William Carlos Williams. New York: the Macauley Company. 1929. $2.50.*

Strange are the things seen by the mind which looks at the world of reality without; stranger still those seen by the mind which turns inward on itself, lost in its own labyrinthine ways. Queer, topsy-turvy worlds are created, worlds freed from everyday values, where beauty and evil are one, and things of darkness and night take on resistless glamour. Worlds of strange beauty, too, these may be, where sharpened senses see strange sights, and perception and emotion mingle in fantastic images, lovely, evanescent.

It is such a world that Philippe Soupault has created. On a framework of buildings and streets he has woven a Paris of the mind — an evil, nocturnal Paris, where sinister creatures roam the streets with dark intent. Where prostitutes and thieves become the symbols of huge, shadowy powers. Where events proceed according to the strange, immutable logic of dreams. Where the 'I' is the spectator-creator, conjuring up its creatures at will, weaving them in curious patterns, letting them fade away into night when it is weary of them.

The 'I,' roaming the Paris streets at night, summons into being a group of evil creatures whose professions belong to the night. At their centre is Georgette, who is not merely a common prostitute because she is also Paris and the night — 'she knew how to light the street or to darken a passageway' — and symbol of all the stuff that dreams are made on. 'Thanks to her, who was no more than one of the hundred thousands, the Parisian night became a mysterious domain, a great and marvelous country, full of flowers, of birds, of glances, and of stars, a hope launched into





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space.' When she is absent, mystery and romance fade; should she disappear, never to return, night and its illusions would be gone forever.

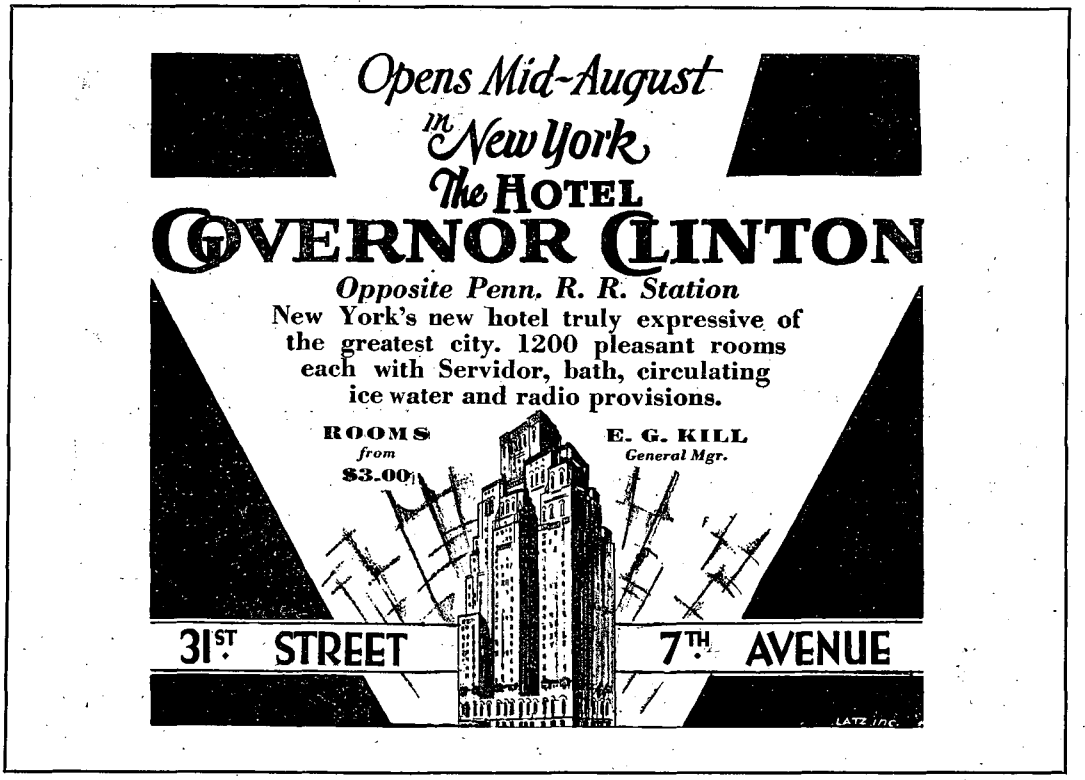
The characters move in strange ways, but always with a dreamlike inevitability. Out of the night of Paris they appear, tracking each other through the silent streets, spurred on by unknown impulses. There is only such a plot as dreams know, — vague, endless, — but even as dreams sometimes come to an end, complete, filled out, even so this illusion comes to its end complete — only, one feels, to make way for new illusions to come.

One can scarcely recommend *Last Nights of Paris* to the general reading public. Our extroverted civilization has a deep-seated hatred for such subjective, essentially morbid fancies. They represent the antithesis to the equally morbid attitude of the hard, go-getting man, who, nevertheless, is an accepted part of our present-day life. To him and those like him, this subjective attitude is both an insult and a threat. It is only among those who seek to know before they judge and who accept beauty wherever they find it that this book of Philippe Soupault will find its friends.

E. H. G.

THREE NORMANDY INNS. *By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $5.00.*

Three Normandy Inns, first published in 1892 and for some time out of print, was probably republished (in revised form and from new plates) with an eye to profiting from the present-day tourist tide to Europe. It is much more likely to serve as a memorial of the tourist trickle of the days our mothers knew. For it is a sometimes pleasing and always innocuous story of how two audacious American women spent a whole summer single-handed at Villerville, at Dives, and at Mont-Saint-Michel, in a time when women traveling alone in Europe were something of a rarity. The style and the attitude of mind displayed are both faintly reminiscent of *Trilby*.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World Travel Calendar

Austria

INNSBRUCK. September–October, 7th International Sample Fair.

VIENNA. October, Autumn Art Exhibition; *October 1–November 15*, Exhibition of Dutch Painters (Künstlerhaus); *October 16–November 16*, Fall Meeting Jockey Club; *October 19*, Golf Tournament; *20–27*, Performances at Spanish Riding Academy, Vienna Meeting of the German Art Association in Vienna; *25–December 15*, Fall Art Exhibition of the *Hagenbund; October 26*, Golf Tournament; *November 1–15*, Fall Art Exhibition (Secession); *2*, Golf Tournament; *3–22*, Art Exhibition of *Kunstgemeinschaft und Österreichischer Künstlerbund* (Glaspalast); *3–29*, Derby; *9–December 10*, International Danube Board; *November 17*, Performance of the Vienna Spanish Riding School; *29–December 8*, 35th International Medical Extension Course on Internal Secretion and Constitution; *November 29–December 31*, Exhibition (Künstlerhaus).

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

BRUSSELS. November 14, Horse Fair.

LIÈGE. November 3, St. Hubert's Day.

MONS. November 19, Annual Fair opens for one month.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 15, Republic Day.

Chile

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 1, All Saints' Day.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 12, Birthday Anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

Chosen (Korea)

KEIJO. September 12–October 31, Grand Celebration, 20th Anniversary of Japanese Administration in Chosen.

Colombia

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 28, Bolivar's Saints' Day; *November 11*, Independence of Cartagena.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 8, Memorial Day.

PRAGUE. September–October, 10th Anniversary of the Czechoslovakian Republic and 1,000th-year Celebration and Exhibition in Commemoration of Wenceslaus.

Danzig

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. Autumn, 11th International Sample Fair.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. October 20, Old Folks' Day, concerts and fêtes; *November 2*, Grand Horticultural Exhibition at Forum; *14–16*, International and Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Matches.

Ecuador

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 3, Anniversary of Independence of Cuenca.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *5*, Guy Fawkes' Day, firework celebrations and bonfires; 11, Armistice Day; 24, St. Catherine's Eve.

LEICESTER. October–November, 9th Textile Machinery, Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

LONDON. October 9–17, 5th International Exhibition of Inventions; *17–26*, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition; *November 9*, Lord Mayor's Show and Procession.

MANCHESTER. November 23, Handicap Races.

NEWMARKET. October 16, Cesarewitch Stakes Races; *30*, the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

Esthonia

REVEL. Mid-September–October, Exhibition of Esthonian Art.

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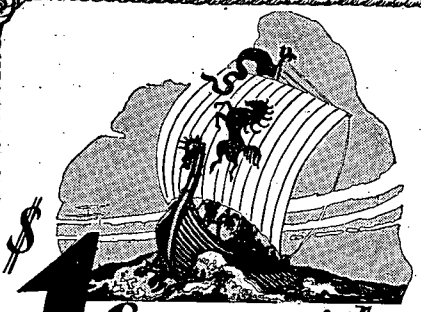

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France

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *3*, opening of hunting season and blessing of the dogs; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.

AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.

BÉZIERS. November 5–11, Chrysanthemum Exhibition.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL. October 17, Pilgrimage and Religious Ceremonies.

PARIS. Autumn, 4th International Nautical Show; *October*, International Shoe and Leather Fair; *15–18*, 2nd International Congress of Jewelers; *22–29*, 6th International Congress on Stomatology and Exhibition; *25–26*, International Foundry Congress; *November*, Autumn Salon; *21*, International Commercial Vehicles Exhibition opens; *25*, St. Catherine's Girls Procession.

SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21, Pilgrimage and Religious Fête.

TOURS. October, French University Courses.

Germany

BERLIN. September 21–October 20, World Advertising Exhibition; *October*, Great German Social Welfare Week; *October–March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics; *November 7–January 18*, German-Language Course at the University; *November 14*, International Automobile Show opens; *14–16*, German Society for Glass Technology; *21–22*, Technical Society for Shipbuilding; *end of November*, German Commission on Standardization and Simplification.

BRESLAU. October, Meeting for Court and Prison Work.

COBLENZ. October, German Historians' Congress.

DARMSTADT. Mid-October, Meeting of the School of Wisdom (Count Keyserling).

FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. October, 6th Convention of the German Physicians' Union for the Furtherance of Physical Culture; *26–November 6*, International Cookery and Hotel Industries Exhibition.

HANOVER. October 14–20, Congress for School Music.

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MANNHEIM. End of October, Meeting of the Society for Social Reform.
MUNICH. Autumn, Bulgarian Week.
NUREMBERG. November 2–10, Cultural Exhibition of the German Labor Organizations.

HAWAII

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October, start of the Barefootball Season; Hula Programmes and Feast Nights; *November 11*, Armistice Day.
HONOLULU. November, Kaaona Ka Malama (patriotic tableau by Hawaiian Warriors' Society); Intercollegiate Football Matches; *7–11*, Hawaii Festival of Pacific Races; *8*, Hawaiian Music and Hula Night; *9*, Parade of the Pacific Races; *15–17*, Second Annual Open Golf Tournament; *28*, Outrigger Club's Swimming Meet.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. October–November, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.

HUNGARY

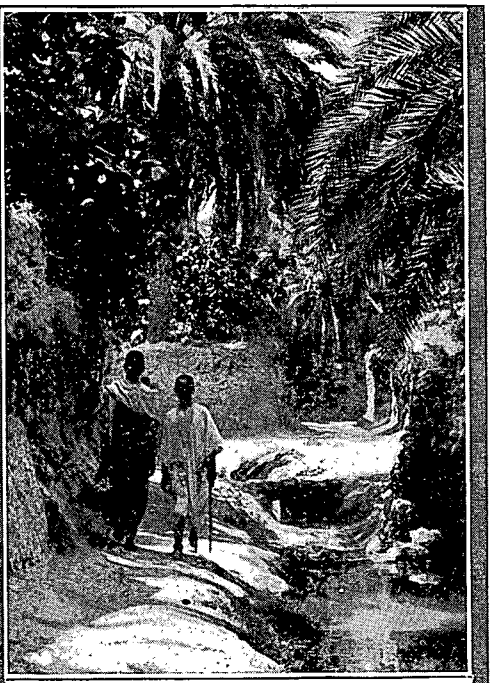
NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 4, St. Emeric's Day.
BUDAPEST. November, Hungarian Industrial and Commercial Week; International Composers' Congress; Winter Exhibition in the Fine Art Galleries.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 1, All Saints' Day; *2*, All Souls' Day; *11*, Armistice Day; *24*, St. Catherine's Eve.
MILAN. October 1–31, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; *27*, Simplon Prize International Race; *November 1–30*, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome.
ROME. November 1–30. Gallop Races at Capannelle Hippodrome.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 17, *Kanname-sai* (Harvest Thanksgiving Festival); *November 3*, *Meiji Setsu*, in commemoration of the late Emperor Meiji; *15*, *Miyamaeri*, or Shrine Pilgrimage of Young Children; *23*, *Niinamesai* (Second Harvest Festival).



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KYOTO. October 22; Jidai-Matsuri, Historical Fête of the Heian Shrine; *28–November 9*, Third Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

TOKYO. October 29–November 7, International Engineering Congress; *22–28*, Commemoration of the Higashi Hongwan-ji Temple at Asakusa; *24*, Commemoration of Nishi Hongwanji Temple at Tsukiji.

UENO. October 15–November 15, Teiten (Art Exhibition of Modern Japanese Paintings and Sculpture under Auspices of Education Department.

LITHUANIA

KAUNAS (KOWNO). Autumn, 8th International Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 20, Anniversary of Commencement of Revolution of 1910.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 31, Thanksgiving Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 3, Anniversary of Separation from Colombia; *28*, Anniversary of Independence from Spain.

RUSSIA

UKRAINE. Autumn, 7th Congress of the Physicists of the U.S.S.R.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 23, Chulalongkorn Day; *end of October, Tot Kathin* (Annual Offering of Gifts); Annual Boat Races and Pilgrimage to the Capitol Phra-chedi Klang Nam on the Menam River to Paknam; *November 11*, Armistice Day.

BANGKOK. November 8–13, Celebration of King's Birthday.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 24, Queen's Birthday.

BARCELONA. October 13–19, 9th Congress of the International Chemistry Association; *21–25*, 6th Conference of the International Federation of Intellectual Unions.

MADRID. Autumn, International Cancer Congress; *October 7–December 14*, Spanish University courses.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day; *November*, Motor Boat Club Races for November Cup.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. October, 2nd International Druggists' Congress.

GENEVA. November 2–10, International Horse-Jumping Competitions; *6–17*, International Horse Races.

TURKEY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 29, Proclamation of the Republic; *November 2*, Proclamation of National Sovereignty.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

THE LIVING AGE

Published semi-monthly at Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1929.

State of New York, County of New York ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Marvin McCord Lowes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the LIVING AGE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. R. Watson, 253 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Quincy Howe, 253 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Harry Lorin Binsse, 253 Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Marvin McCord Lowes, 253 Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Living Age Company, 253 Broadway, New York City; A. R. Watson, 253 Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

MARVIN MCCORD LOWES, *Business Manager.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1929.

HYMAN W. GAMSO, *Notary Public.*

[SEAL.] (My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

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